New Statesman

The Week-end Review

VOL. LVI · No. 1450 SATURDAY · 27 DECEMBER 1958 NINEPENCE

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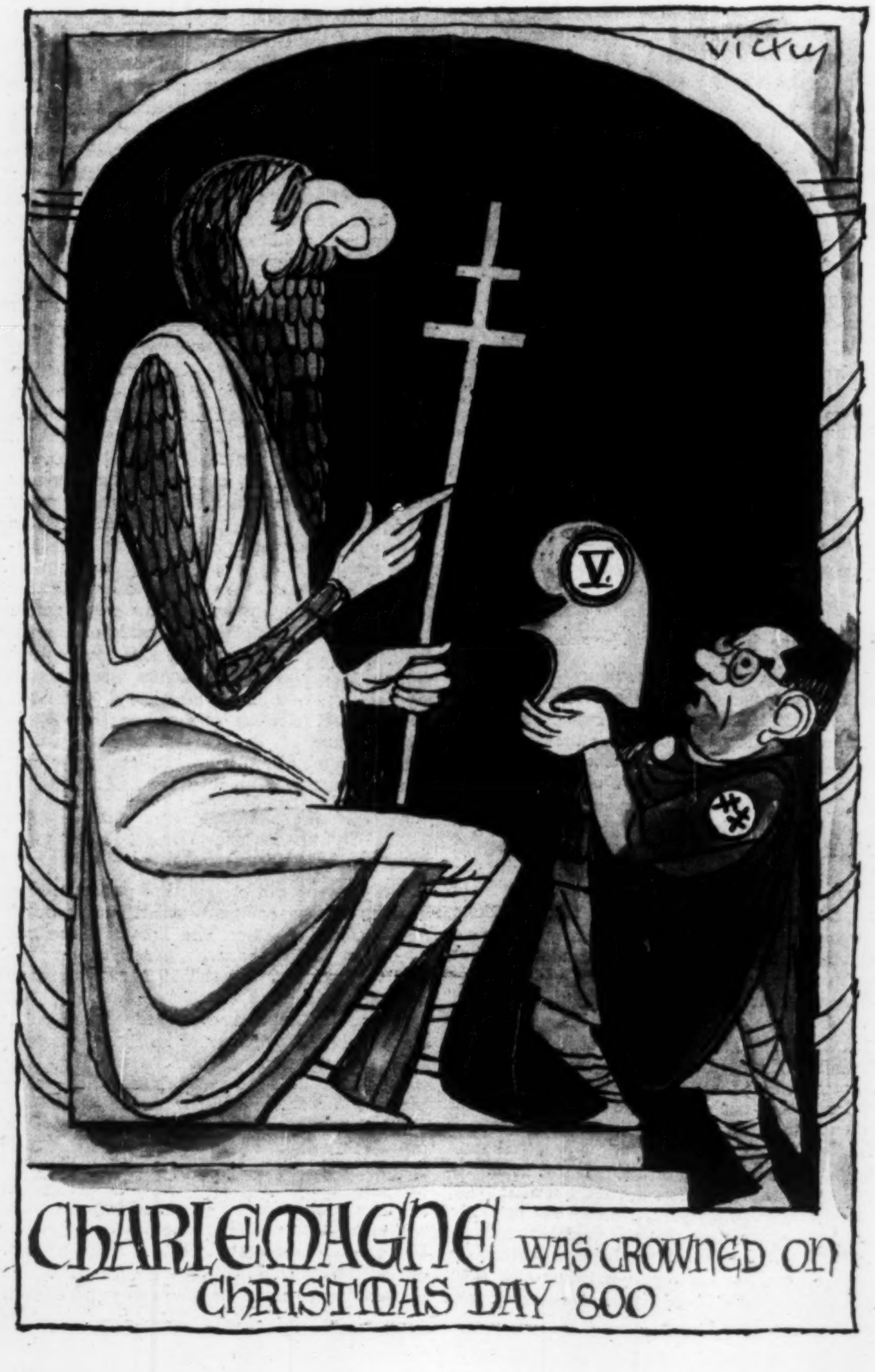
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Comments on the Week's News

Light and Shade at Geneva

More progress was registered at Geneva last week, when the test-ban conference approved a British draft of Article Four of the treaty, which provides for a control commission of seven members (the three nuclear powers plus a rotating panel of four other signatory powers). The conference is now touching on the heart of the problem, for Russia had earlier indicated that she felt only nuclear powers should sit on the body, and her agreement to the British draft represents a substantial concession on a point of substance. The next hurdle is Article Five, governing 'procedures' on the commission; here more serious difficulties are expected, for so far Russia has insisted that the permanent members should possess a veto, and Mr Tsarapkin, her delegate, has now tabled an amendment to the British draft, which provides for a simple majority vote. Meanwhile, at the Surprise Attack conference, the deadlock is complete. Why has this conference failed, while the test-ban conference appears to be succeeding? In the first place, control of surprise attacks involves inspection, and consequent infringement of sovereignty, of a far more complex and intimate kind than control of tests. Secondly, the terms of reference of the meeting were probably misconceived. Designed as a parallel step to the successful technical conference on tests held last August, it was barred from discussing political issues. This worked in the case of test-control, where the scientists had simply to agree whether inspection, in the abstract, was feasible, and to draw up a 'model'. With surprise attacks, it is virtually impossible, as the Russians have argued, to separate technical and political problems, or indeed even to discuss technical problems, without divulging classified information. If any progress is to be made in such a field talks at a political level seem unavoidable.

Red Scare in Iraq

Despite alarming Beirut rumours – to some extent corroborated by journalists who have flown out of Baghdad to escape the censorship – there are few hard facts to substantiate the charge that the Communists are about to take over Iraq. The unfortunate reception of Mr Dulles's special envoy, Mr Rountree, should surprise no one; highly publicised visits by western personalities to the Middle East are always liable to cause trouble, as the experiences of General Templer, Mr Selwyn Lloyd and Mr Loy Henderson should have made clear. Indeed, it is astonishing that the State Department still resorts to this clumsy diplomatic practice; after all, what are ambassadors for, but to 'find facts' and 'explain policies', which apparently were Mr Rountree's terms of reference. All that is known about the current crisis in Iraq is that Rashid Ali and a number of his supporters have been arrested. They were not, apparently, connected with the Ba'athists, let alone the fallen Colonel Aref, but appeared to be working in the interests of certain middle-class landowners and land-syndicates, who object to the proposed agricultural reforms. Their arrests may well be an implicit victory for the Communists, but there is no evidence that the party has gained a footing in the Cabinet; and reports that the Baghdad chief-of-police has been replaced by a fellow-traveller have been denied. Most of the scare stories have been put out by the Ba'athists in the Lebanon and Syria, who are anxious to discredit the Kassem regime; and they have been skilfully exploited by President Nasser, who is currently flying a pro-American kite. Nevertheless, the situation in Iraq remains critical, and will continue to do so until Kassem makes up his mind whether to run a parliamentary democracy or an authoritarian military regime. The western-style National Democrats believe they can out-bid the Communists for popular support if he chooses the first, and the experiment is worth trying; but if the present confusion is prolonged, only the CP can benefit.

New Local Authorities?

The most important and difficult part of the task of the Local Government Commission, which begins its review of county and county borough structure in the New Year, is its study of the 'special review areas' of Tyneside, Merseyside, West Yorkshire, South-East Lancashire and the West Midlands. In these areas, which contain more than a fifth of the English population, the local authorities are a hotch-potch born of 80 years of improvisation. In the Manchester areas, for instance, 54 different authorities provide services and levy rates for a population of two and a half million, while in the West Midlands there are nine education authorities in an area only 15 miles square. As the Royal Commission on London's government is already discovering, the large authority thinks it should be left alone, or made a little larger. But despite the quality and scale of the services which it renders, the pattern is one that is ripe for change. The most sensible reform would be to divide the continuous urban area of each conurbation into a series of large county boroughs, with certain services – such as water supply, main drainage, police, further education and the larger town-planning functions – administered for the region as a whole by one or more regional authorities. This is especially necessary for town-planning, where the authority should be responsible for regional planning of population movements, communications and urban growth. It is less easy to decide whether such authorities should be directly elected, or federal. While direct election might give them more independence of the county boroughs, their remoteness might result in even less public concern and smaller votes than the LCC exacts.

Another Mouldy 'Turnip'?

The Housing Bill presented to parliament last week is the government's answer to Labour's municipalisation policy. The Treasury is to lend £100m. to building societies, which, in turn, will lend to purchasers of pre-1919 houses a sum of up to 95 per cent. of a maximum cost of £2,500. Local authorities, moreover, will be obliged to make 'standard' grants of up to £150 for certain kinds of improvement – bath, water-closet, hot water supply, food store – which the census shows are sorely needed by millions of old houses. (One welcome provision of the Bill is that local councils can obtain standard grants for modernising their own houses.) The first part of the Bill is designed to speed up the extension of owner-occupation of older houses – and it is owner-occupiers who will make most use of the improvement grants. For, unless the property lobby can secure amendments to the Bill, it will not permit landlords to increase rents after improvements have been made with public money. It will be possible for local councils to approve an increase, which some Tory-controlled authorities may do, but there is no assurance in this Bill that the rented houses most in need of modernisation will in fact get it. If the Tories remain in office, therefore, the long-term trends will remain unchanged. Owner-occupation of new and good houses will increase. The privately rented houses will continue to decay. Municipalisation remains the only effective way of arresting this decay.

Courage in Basutoland

The government's statement on Basutoland is good news. The fact that there is at last to be a genuine Legislative Council elected on a single roll brings the first of the three High Commission Territories into the general stream of British colonial policy. Previously, largely because of South African threats, these territories have been kept outside the process of developing elections and gradually increasing representative responsibility. Now the Basutos, educationally the most advanced of the three, are to try the experiment of combining elections with some preservation of their traditional way of life. It has required real courage to take this step, for Basutoland is an island in the midst of the arid racial wastes of South Africa, whose government is continually threatening its people. This new development will call the South Africans' bluff by setting up a legislative body elected by the Africans, from which some members of the Executive Council will be chosen. The effect of this example in the democratic process is bound to become profound and widespread amongst Africans in the Union. The Nationalists, and indeed many members of the United Party, will be bitterly hostile and may try to increase their pressure on the Basutos. Yet it should not be forgotten that a very high proportion of Orange Free State farmers, all of them Nationalist supporters, heavily rely on Basuto labour. The boot can pinch on both feet.

The Kabaka's Kingdom

When the Kabaka of Buganda was allowed to return from exile in 1953, it was assumed that he would become the constitutional monarch of a new democratic community. It was also expected that Buganda would take a leading part in the development of a democratic and ultimately independent Uganda. Now the Kabaka wants Britain to go, leaving him to rule Buganda as a separate independent kingdom. It is true that this request has come from the Lukiko, or Buganda Council, but this body obeys the Kabaka's wishes. The purpose of the memorandum to be submitted to the Queen is to save Buganda from becoming part of a united Uganda state and having its traditional authorities whittled away by the impact of modern politicians. The choice for British policy is whether to allow Buganda to hive off as a semi-feudal state, leaving the rest of Uganda shorn of its wealthiest province to develop democratically, or whether to continue to try to retain Buganda within the national framework, if only as part of a federation. There may be a case here for impartial inquiry to establish the real wishes of the Baganda. The Lukiko has spoken, but it would be interesting to know the views of the embryonic political parties.

News from Our Own Correspondents

Westminster

The Echoing Past

The Times began its annual review with these words: 'The closing days of the year have been such as to make it difficult for the historian to escape from the general atmosphere of gloom. . . . There is, especially in Great Britain, a serious amount of unemployment.' This review, in fact, appeared in the issue of 31 December, 1908; but if the closing day of this year's parliamentary turn is any guide, it could be repeated in 1958.

Mr James Griffiths opened the Commons debate on unemployment by listing some of the most hard-hit areas; and, as the names rolled out, we were back at once in the past. Jarrow, Stockton-on-Tees, Oldham, South Wales, Merseyside – hardly a week would pass in the bad old days without some parliamentary protest about the sufferings of these areas; and here in 1958 their problems, though much less severe, are yet unsolved.

One after another, members rose; Mr Goronwy Roberts telling of the 2,000 families on the dole in his constituency of Caernarvon; Mr Charles Grey, of Durham, telling of the 40,000 unemployed in his area and the figures still rising steeply; virtually every Scots Labour MP sustaining Mr Tom Fraser and throwing additional fuel on his blazing speech, which told of 90,000 on the dole in Scotland; and the Tory, Mrs Patricia McLaughlin, telling of Northern Ireland's 8.3 per cent. of unemployment compared with the general average of 2.4 per cent. – and brandishing her red glove as Ulster's warning to the government. How the past echoed in the Chamber!

But did the debate do any good? John Peel, the natural and actual successor to Captain Charles Waterhouse in the representation of Leicester, ignoring the evidence of 1945 to 1951, argued that unemployment was always higher under a Socialist government than under the Tories, and that Socialists could secure full employment only by resorting to slave labour. Yet the debate showed more than anything else that unemployment is the subject on which the Labour Party as a whole feels most passionately and of which it has the deepest experience. Time and again Labour speakers showed that, if there was no other choice, they would put the maintenance of full employment before either the maintenance of the pound or the suppression of inflation. Equally the debate brought out that while the Tories did not wish to see employment reaching the appalling peaks of the Thirties, the maintenance of full employment was not their first priority or even, always, a part of their policy at all.

This, however, was all known before. It was also known that the present level of unemployment, small by comparison with pre-war days, yet serious to the half-million who are suffering from it and disturbing to millions more who are beginning to wonder if they will be affected next, has been mainly caused by government action intended to quell inflation. It was also known that Sir David Eccles, when asked what the government would now do to correct the position, would only be able to echo the past by remarking: 'Wait and see.' Rightly the Labour opposition rubbed the government's nose in all this; but one had hoped that Labour would be able to do more than that.

It must surely by now be accepted that even a Conservative government can secure full employment, not all the time, but for considerable periods. It must surely be accepted, too, at any rate by Socialists, that it is not possible to maintain full employment permanently, to keep inflation under control and to maintain reasonable stability, without having a planned economy. It is not possible fully to solve the problems of the special areas without planning and control. It is not possible without planning and control to solve the problems in South Wales, movingly described by Griffiths, where technical improvements now allow 4,000 men to produce more and better tinplate than 24,000 men produced only a few years ago, and where this technological unemployment is coinciding with the closing of pits and a slow-down in steel production. Planning and controls form one of the great dividing lines between the two big parties, as Alfred Robens recognised when he said that unemployment was becoming a matter of party politics.

But the point was not driven home. If Labour is to make unemployment an issue at the next election, it will not be enough merely to state that this minor and almost certainly temporary recession is the result of Tory policy. I would like to see Mr Gaitskell and Mr Bevan lead for the opposition in unemployment debates to show the degree of priority which Labour gives to this question. I would like them to disregard any fears they may have that the Tory press has made 'controls' an electorally dirty word – to challenge parliament and the country boldly with the assertion that full employment and financial stability can be achieved only in a planned, Socialist economy.

J. P. W. Mallalieu

Fleet Street

Gowns and Cheesecake

It is an interesting fact, and one which puzzles most foreign journalists, that British journalism tends to draw so sparsely, at any rate in its higher echelons, on the products of a university education. Of the ten national papers that each morning serve the intellectual needs of nine out of ten of the British public – the others just let the world go by – the editors of only two have been to a university.

Nor is the academic proportion increased if one spreads the net to include provincial papers, whether morning or evening. Journalism probably has a far lower percentage of university people at the top than any other important profession, trade or industry in the country – a situation which is certainly not paralleled over most of the Continent, where editorial chairs are apt to be occupied by PhDs, or in the US. How far this explains, for good or ill, the character of the British press it is difficult to say.

It is, however, not so true just below the editor level, and it is unlikely that it will be so true even for editors in the future. Education is creeping in. But as things stand at present the British press demonstrates a notable scepticism about the value of a university education as a guide to understanding the public mind.

This lack of interest is by no means duplicated in the universities. Discussing and analysing the popular press seems, indeed, to be becoming a major university preoccupation. My desk is piled with requests to talk about the press to student bodies: the last time I did so, a few weeks ago in Birmingham, more than a thousand undergraduates turned up. And now comes *Granta* with the best part of its last issue devoted to the study of 'the mass press', and with the promise of more articles on the same subject next term, and of a team of researchers busily analysing the whole complex and fascinating subject.

What conclusions does *Granta* reach? Are they such as to bring a glow of satisfaction to the cheeks of the gentlemen of the Press Council who have so recently bestowed their benediction on the popular press? The answer is that, as often happens with larger publication, too, there is some discrepancy between *Granta's* editorial opinions and the results brought back by its reporting team. The introduction to the survey written by the editor takes a gloomy view of what Fleet Street is up to these days – almost as gloomy as many eminent older citizens. Sir Linton Andrews and some of his colleagues will, I am sure, be pained to hear that it deplores 'the evil effects of the mass press: the lowering of standards, the slanting of news, the pandering to emotions, the continued loss of contact between the readers and the forces shaping their lives'. Warming up, *Granta* adds: 'the slightest comparative study will show that Britain while enjoying total literacy and having the world's largest number of newspaper readers, also supports a press whose standards are among the lowest in the western world'. This picture is one which should cause the greatest concern among all interested in the condition of England. And yet it is safe to assume that these well-reasoned arguments (as in Hoggart's *Uses of Literacy*) will have little effect on the average university student's attitude towards the mass press.

The actual survey conducted for *Granta* by its research team hardly supports all these charges. Their conclusions in fact are very like those of the Press Council itself in its last report – although somewhat better written. 'Very rarely,' it is reported, 'does any tabloid miss a news item which the "quality" papers have selected as worth a fair coverage'. In a week's survey the team marked all news items which it considered 'important' (a subjective test, of course, but let that pass). There were 55. All appeared in *The Times*, 54 in the *Manchester Guardian*. The others rated as follows: *News Chronicle* 48, *Express* 45, *Mail* 41, *Mirror* 41, *Herald* 35, *Sketch* 29. The team's conclusion (which my own newspaper reading on the whole supports) is 'popsies and parties and other trivia are yanked forward into major prominence only when the day's real news is hopelessly unexciting'.

How important is sex? In the week examined the researchers report they found the following number of pictures or news items 'evocative or potentially evocative of a sexual titillating': *Daily Sketch*, pictures 20, news items 7; *Daily Mirror* 14 – 5; *Express* 9 – 2; *Herald* 5 – 2; *Mail* 4 – 0; *News Chronicle* 2 – 2. But on the whole 'there were more dogs and babies than cheesecake' and most of those items noted were 'frankly not very sexy'. As for news distortion, the *Granta* team decided there was some but not as much as most people suspected: 'Read some *Daily Mirror* news reports and see how calm, clear and fair they are'. The final judgment is that there is much more good in the mass papers than is generally realised. 'They are a rough mirror of popular culture, deserving more careful study and less supercilious condemnation'. Get those editorial chairs ready. In another ten or 15 years Cambridge should be ready to move in.

Francis Williams

Gaudeatis Igitur

This week thousands of college students are doing a spell of work on postal delivery or at other forms of casual labour – but not for the doctrinal reasons that induce Mao and Krushchev to send intellectuals to the land or into industry. The motive, in this country, is simply hard cash. For the majority of students have difficulty in making ends meet.

That simple fact underlies most of the discussions about the scale of state and local government awards, and about the means test which is imposed on the parents of those who win them. And it is certain to bulk large in the evidence submitted to the Anderson Committee, which is now considering the whole problem of student grants. For the population of our colleges, and their social function, have both changed substantially in the post-war years. We are approaching the point where free university education for all entrants has become a practical matter.

Consider the changing character of the student population. Today, about 75 per cent. of all university students are 'assisted' by remission of fees and some money grant. Only ten per cent. are wholly dependent upon their parents – and by no means all of these are rich. If training colleges are included, the proportion of 'assisted' students is even greater. The cost of waiving fees for the minority, therefore, would be relatively small.

A strong case can indeed be made for free entrance, as long as its corollary is a minimum standard of entry. True, it would mean that some already prosperous families would be a little better off, but, conversely, ability to pay would no longer ensure that socially valuable college places were pre-empted by gilded but inadequate youth. Why, however, should such awards – and even cash grants – be awarded irrespective of means? That is the proposal made in a joint statement by the National Union of Students, the National Union of Teachers and the Association of Teachers in Technical Institutions.

There is a good argument for ensuring that students have reasonable financial independence, and that they should not have to call upon their parents or seek vacation or part-time jobs to support themselves. But that alone is not the reason for abolishing the means test. The real case against it rests on different grounds. It is, first, a parallel system of taxation which, with very rough justice, seeks to redistribute income which ought to be redistributed by the Inland Revenue. Secondly, it is imposed at a very low level. For every £100 that a man's 'allowable' income rises above £525 a year, £14 is deducted from his child's grant. Despite the allowances that are given under the formula for other children in the family, it is clear that both skilled workers and professional families may have to carry a substantial burden if their children win awards. The means test, in fact, may act as a deterrent where families are considering whether children should stay on at school and then go to university.

Against this it may be argued that universal awards without a means test would simply be an additional fiscal bonus for middle-class families that already enjoy the 'concealed' benefits of income-tax relief for dependent children, and of very considerable state subsidies to their college education even when the relatively nominal tuition fees are paid privately. The answer to these objections is simple. The children's allowance for income-tax purposes would be terminated, say, on entry to a college: if this were done, it has been estimated that the total cost of abolishing the means test would be no more than £1,500,000. And the point about state subsidies is specious. What matters is that the best available candidates are given the best available education: if, as Professor Galbraith has suggested, our greatest need in social investment is investment in people, that is, in university and technical education, there is little point in making special cases of a handful of parents. The important objective is to ensure that any child with talent can secure a college education without hardship.

The Agent of the Government

The author of this report is editor of 'The Times of Cyprus'.

The last-minute stay of execution for two young outlaws, with the Governor dashing through the prison gates at midnight, has provided an uproarious ending for our Christmas pantomime. But what will happen in the New Year?

Nobody in Nicosia doubts that, but for most determined pressure by Mr Bevan and Mr Gaitskell in London, by the Greek government – whose very existence had been put in peril – and most probably by America as well, the first hangings since Lord Harding left the island would have been carried out as planned in Cyprus. Nobody doubts, moreover, that this action would have provoked an immediate uprising by Eoka, with bloodshed on the widest scale. Here was no simple question of crime and punishment: it was a Cabinet decision in London, and the Tories were perfectly prepared to take the consequences – the military side of the calculation being, perhaps, that the sooner Eoka were forced to put their heads up, the sooner they would be destroyed.

Since the cease-fire which Eoka announced just one month ago to allow a peaceful atmosphere for the Cyprus talks at the United Nations, security operations have been continuous. But the unfavourable publicity in Britain over the troops' excesses at Famagusta has had a dampening effect on General Darling. No longer does his cry of 'Kill the bastards' ring through the rain-soaked army camps. Instead the operations are almost apologetically explained away 'When the sheriff has information on a murderer, he's bound to go after him. It's just the same with us.'

So Destry rides again through the villages of Cyprus, with thousands of troops supported by aircraft and helicopters. The troops are wonderful, of course, but that doesn't stop the stream of complaints of damage, ill-treatment, pilfering and sacrilege after every search, and the danger of a serious outbreak if the *ratissage* goes on.

In the last month, no fewer than nine Greek Cypriots have been killed by troops, mostly while 'breaking curfew or attempting to escape'. The ninth was Kyriacos Matsis, a local Eoka leader who died refusing to surrender and whose laurel-wreathed picture now joins the rest of the Greek hagiography in Cypriot village churches.

It need not have been so. Of the many opportunities in the last three years to put an end to the bloodshed, the last came just three weeks ago and was once again let slip. We were midway through the United Nations fifth annual debate on Cyprus. Krishna Menon, the leader of the Indian delegation, propelling himself on his cane from one group of delegates to another, had worked out a compromise resolution which asked only that respect for the integrity of Cyprus and for its self-government (when attained) should be affirmed. The price of peace in Cyprus had reached rock-bottom: from Enosis at once to self-determination sometime; from the Radcliffe constitution to home-rule in an undivided island.

I went over to the hotel where Archbishop Makarios was staying to ask what he thought of the new development and found him in a state of hopeful expectancy. If Menon's resolution was successful, his long-awaited peace call to Cyprus could be sent immediately; and he believed it would be heeded. Then the moment would be propitious for an immediate meeting with Commander Noble, the chief British delegate, who would have a clear opportunity to start talks going for a settlement. Mr Averoff, the Greek Foreign Minister, and Mr Zorlu, his opposite number from Turkey, might reasonably be expected to join in, there and then in New York, to prepare the basis for a settlement.

Back in the Political Committee of the United Nations, Menon had circulated the text of his resolution and the chairman had announced an adjournment until the next day, when it would be formally presented. Then came an astonishing intervention by Commander Noble. Ignoring both the adjournment and Menon's right to introduce a resolution before it was debated, the British delegate denounced the Indian formula in unmeasured terms as liable to provoke civil war, or even a wider conflict. In short, although Britain did not favour partition, and although nation after nation had spoken against it, the door to this alternative must, at all costs, be held open. Facing an implacable British opposition, into which the Americans were reluctantly drawn, Menon's resolution, which had looked like sailing through the Assembly, was withdrawn.

I returned to a Cyprus dazed and mortified by the rebuff. 'In God's name,' said a stubborn friend of the British (a Greek), what more do they want from us – an oath of loyalty to Adnan Menderes?' Solicitude for Turkish feelings – which means primarily the feelings of Menderes in Ankara, on the grounds that he can press the button for a fresh wave of intercommunal trouble any time he likes – takes first place in all considerations. The Governor thinks he has done wonders in assuaging the midsummer madness of the Turks; but the ever-suspicious Greeks believe that Turkey is simply being used as a lever to force through the Macmillan plan. London's policy remains unchanged since the announcement of the plan last June: the archbishop must come back having agreed to co-operate in it – the only alternative being partition by an avalanche. The future beyond seven years must be left to providence.

The lively, inventive Sir Hugh Foot of a year ago is, of course, no more. He is much aged. His rubric is the statements of ministers in London and, since the United Nations, in New York. What his private thoughts are, no one knows. What he says is: 'I am the agent of Her Majesty's Government.'

In the wired-off secretariat, John Reddaway, whom Tom Driberg long ago dubbed 'Harding's *eminence bleu*', reigns supreme as ever. In addition to controlling the vast administrative machine, he has taken into his hands security, intelligence and information – which in this context means political warfare. The directorship of public relations has been abolished: henceforth nothing of consequence can be broadcast or given to the press without his personal approval. A new contempt-of-court law protects communiqués from contradiction by the local press; and, thanks to dexterous selection, Yahoo British newspapers are seldom short of the right kind of copy. A sign of the times is that a particularly virulent political commentator, who was laid off when Foot took over the governorship, is once more back on the air, exacerbating the ears of Greeks as Lord Haw-haw once did those of the British.

In crowded detention camps 2,000 prisoners – the equivalent to a quarter of a million if this were England – await their fate. Six more political prisoners have been sentenced to death, and several more are facing trial on capital charges. Alongside the facts of the situation here, the more cordial meeting in Paris of Averoff and Zorlu seems to offer a flickering ray of hope. All seemingly depends on whether Makarios can digest the Macmillan plan, or something very like it. When I left New York, he had decided, of all things, to visit Cuba to dedicate a church for a local Greek community. Well, after all, why not?

CHARLES FOLEY

Nicosia

Tommy-Gun Priests

'A MIXTURE of Clochemerle and the Dreyfus Case' – so France's Top People call the police scandal which was uncovered two months ago in Lyons. In circles close to General de Gaulle, however, the subject is far from a joke. What is more, an article published last week in *La Croix* – the principal French Catholic daily – under the signature of the man around whom the case revolves, seems to indicate that the *affaire de Prado* has much more in common with the Dreyfus scandal than with Gabriel Chevalier's comic novel. And in any case, it throws a penetrating light on the political and police morals of France under de Gaulle.

But to begin at the beginning. In the middle of October, after a curiously long delay, the famous 'Bazooka Trial' opened in Paris. This case, in which a number of *colon* 'ultras' were accused of killing a French officer in the course of an attempt on the life of General Salan, looked like becoming a considerable embarrassment to the men who brought de Gaulle to power. At the same time, Paris was full of rumours of secret negotiations between the General and the FLN. Suddenly, sensational headlines pushed everything else off the front pages: the Lyons police had 'unmasked' a formidable terrorist network, in which a group of Roman Catholic priests played an important part. Two of them – the Abbé Magnin and the Abbé Chaize – had already been arrested, while a third, the Abbé Carteron, the real master-mind behind the plot, was on the run.

The Bazooka trial conveniently forgotten, the top Paris crime reporters descended on Lyons en masse and – no doubt suitably briefed by the police – emphasised the gravity of the case. On 21 October, *Paris-Journal* headlined over eight columns: 'The priests of Prado were in touch with the FLN leaders'; while the very sedate and bourgeois *Figaro* editorialised: 'French Catholics will judge very seriously the imprudences which have been committed'. For the right wing and the protagonists of *Algérie française*, the verdict had already been pronounced: corrupted by progressive ideas, the priests of Prado had trodden the slippery slope of treason and ended by becoming 'the tommy-gun priests'.

Two days later, the case became a little more complicated. The Lyons police, having made these startling accusations, were unable to present any proof of them beyond alleged 'confessions' by a number of Moslem prisoners. What is more, the Abbé Carteron, who, according to *Paris-Presse*, had fled to Switzerland, presented himself safe and sound to the examining magistrate, with the simple explanation that he had avoided the Lyons police because he was afraid he would be forced to make a 'confession' under torture. The charges stood, and the Abbé Carteron, together with the Abbé Magnin, was formally indicted for 'an attempt against the integrity of the national territory'; but despite the seriousness of the charge, and the protests of the public prosecutor, they were released on bail.

According to the depositions the two priests made at this preliminary hearing, the Prado seminary, a 19th-century creation, was charged with looking after the destitute of the neighbourhood, and among its activities it ran a special section for the relief of Moslem prisoners and their families. Both priests had performed such work, but they emphatically denied any contact with the FLN, or indeed any other political activity.

At this point, the case began to look much less promising, and dropped out of the headlines. But on 24 October it was given a new lease of life by the head of the French Church. From Rome, where he was attending the Conclave, Pierre Gerlier, the Cardinal-Primate and Archbishop of Lyons, published a communiqué in which he protested at the accusations made against the two priests, and added: 'In order to substantiate these charges, some members of the police force did not hesitate to force Moslem suspects to sign statements whose falsity is easily demonstrated. In order to obtain such signatures, the police did not even recoil from employing violence and torture of the upmost gravity, in flagrant disregard of human dignity. It is not for me to detail the tragic and painful facts which have been brought to my attention. They can be established by an official inquiry. . . . But in view of the seriousness of the charges which have been brought [against the priests], I felt it my unpleasant duty to make this statement. . . .'

Cardinal Gerlier's intervention immediately placed the police themselves in the dock. 'Cardinal Gerlier accuses the Lyons police of employing torture', ran the headlines. The same day, it was learned that four Moslem prisoners had made formal charges against the police claiming they had been subjected to torture. In Paris, the Minister of the Interior announced that he would shortly make a personal reply to the Cardinal. This reply was long in emerging, and when it came it was extremely confused. It was confined to observing that 'the FLN makes all its members promise to declare in court that they have been tortured by the police and that therefore their confessions have no validity'. This was not only feeble; it was self-contradictory, as *Le Monde* was quick to point out. 'If', the paper reasoned, 'the FLN obliges its members to deny their confessions in court, why does it not forbid them to make such confessions in the first place? Would not this be simpler?' The Minister declined to answer.

A medical examination made by Professor Roche from the Faculty of Medicine at Lyons revealed on 30 October that two of the Moslems who had laid charges had, in fact, been subjected to grievous violence and brutality. But, since this was a preliminary hearing, M. Gaultier, the public prosecutor, refused on technical grounds to give details of the nature and degree of violence employed. Nor was any member of the Lyons police force arrested or charged, although the charges against the two priests were not withdrawn. In Lyons and in Paris, attempts were made to hush up the whole affair. Fortunately for the authorities, the elections and M. Soustelle's victory once more drove it from the front pages.

Then, last week, the very day the new Assembly met to appoint M. Chaban-Delmas as Speaker, *La Croix* opened its columns to the Abbé Carteron. His article finally cleared up the mystery of the Prado seminary and, at the same time, revealed that the man who was really accused of treason – if treason there were – was none other than Cardinal Gerlier himself:

> In 1948 [wrote Fr Carteron] His Eminence summoned me and said: 'There are in my diocese 30,000 Moslems, who are my responsibility before God, for they are my guests, who live and work in my diocese. Nobody bothers with them and they are poor. Would you be willing to take over this responsibility from me? We have no right before God to abandon them.' I did not dare refuse. But I insisted on one condition: 'Before tackling a new problem, one must know something about it. Allow me therefore two years to prepare myself'. So, meekly and humbly, I began the task of learning about this new world.

At the age of 40, the Abbé Carteron taught himself Arabic, and spent two years in Algeria studying Moslem theology and conditions. On his return, he became the Cardinal's chief expert on Algerian affairs. He adopted two strict principles: (1) never to do anything without previous reference to the Cardinal, and to give him a detailed and regular account of his activities; (2) never to present himself to the Algerians as a fellow-workman, but as a delegate of the Church.

It clearly follows from the Abbé Carteron's account that the Cardinal was fully informed of the fact that, last September, a group of Moslems had set up an organisation to help the families of imprisoned Algerians from the district, and it was presumably with his permission that the Abbé Magnin, at the request of the Abbé Carteron, gave this organisation the use of a room at the seminary. It would also seem that for some considerable time the Cardinal had been receiving reports from the Abbé about tortures practised by the police, at their Rue Vauban station.

Hence the last vestige of the case against the two priests disappears. They were merely executing the orders of their ecclesiastical superiors, performing a task which was in every respect legal. And what has General de Gaulle to say about all this? In October, at the height of the furore, M. Joseph Folliet, the highly respectable publisher of *La Vie Catholique Illustrée* and a big wheel in Catholic circles, wrote as follows: 'I know both Fr Magnin and Fr Carteron and I respect them profoundly. To suspect them of helping terrorism, which as Christians they are bound to abhor, is quite ridiculous. I therefore appeal to you, General de Gaulle. Will you permit this persecution, General, of those who, in their priestly function, without political objectives, but simply out of a spirit of goodwill, have worked for peace?' But General de Gaulle has failed to respond to this appeal. Nor has he apologised to Cardinal Gerlier, who was and is implicated in the affair. From which three questions arise. Is de Gaulle free to act, or does he, like Soustelle, believe that anyone who helps any Algerian, even out of motives of Christian charity, is automatically a traitor? The second question is why did the police prefer the charges (and here it is important to remember that Lyons is M. Soustelle's personal political stronghold: little is done there without his authorisation). The third question is perhaps even more important. Were the four Algerians in Lyons tortured or not; and if they were what steps are to be taken to punish those responsible?

Paris K. S. KAROL

London Diary

Morality and justice are alike irrelevant to the proposed changes in the treatment of prostitution. Many men are prepared to pay for women; many women are prepared to be bought. This is an unchanging fact of history. It will not be affected by fining or imprisoning tarts. The disappointment is that freer sex relations in all social classes has not lessened sexual commercialism, and that prostitution is clearly far more a matter of choice and less one of economic pressure than we used to think. The case for changing the law is merely that the street nuisance has become intolerable; there are residential areas in which the only way a mother or her daughter can get home without molestation is to take a taxi to their door.

* * *

I am dubious of any good coming from the proposed experiment. Whether, as the author of the Wolfenden Report suggests, any considerable number of girls will be deterred from becoming professionals by these new penalties remains to be seen. Lawyers may profit, since the increased fines and threat of jail will discourage pleas of guilty. I find it hard to believe that the prison penalty will be frequently enforced; there will be a public outcry if girls are given jail sentences – as if the jails were not full enough already! – while the men who solicit go scot free. (It is commonly forgotten that the Vagrancy Act of 1898 enables the police to arrest men as well as women for soliciting, though the Act is usually only enforced against men in cases of homosexual invitation.) I do not accept the pretence that the prison threat will lead girls to accept probation sentences. The one certainty is the rapid development of a call-girl and brothel system. This may make vice rather more attractive. Men will know (by hearsay from their friends or from those engaging little adverts in tobacconists' shops) which girls are desirable and ready to cater for their sex speciality. Visitors to London will continue to be served – which holds out a grand prospect for hotel porters and the like. That the call-girl system will result was foreseen in the Wolfenden Report; if this law is accepted, society will be deliberately planning to make its vice more discreet, probably more profitable and almost certainly more corrupt. The logic seems to be the return of the licensed brothel.

* * *

I had 22 November twice over. It was 22 November when I flew from Fiji to Honolulu. It was still 22 November the next day, which I spent (under the care of the Canadian Pacific) in Honolulu itself. Wonderful to be given a day! It lay between my hands, virgin, uncovenanted, a coloured balloon guaranteed to last just 24 hours. Like Phineas Fogg I was rewarded for travelling from east to west. As we stepped from the aircraft we were loaded with garlands and arrived at the Royal Hawaiian Hotel looking, it seemed to me, extraordinarily foolish. The blot on my day was that I was alone. At one moment I wondered if I had a companion. A female voice invited me to join her at table. A glance dispelled illusion. She was a hotel's social hostess, who thought, it seemed, that I might be a writer or something like that. I pleaded guilty to ambitions in that direction, but managed to avoid any further admission. We talked of the great orchids, six foot high, that were stacked against the wall of the vast dining room; of the wonders of the bathing beach composed of sand imported by the hotel. And for once I wished I really was Evelyn Waugh. No one could describe with such delicate irony that fantastic paradise of tourism, with its spendid tropical trees under which were fairy palaces where you can buy everything at prices which no one in their senses would pay.

* * *

Many years ago Somerset Maugham wrote some account of Honolulu. In those days he says, the Americans, unlike the rest of the unimaginable assortment of people, wore 'black coats and high starched collars, straw hats, soft hats, and bowlers'. Today they wear none of these things. Men and women alike wear brightly patterned shorts with Hawaiian blouses and sometimes preposterous plaited hats carrying, on their crowns, anything from flower-gardens to miniature naked ladies. The oddest evening fashion is for the women to wear 'mummies', shapeless cotton robes – Mother Hubbard's as they were called when missionaries first taught the Kanakas to hide their nakedness. Today fashionable American women wear them. Most of the non-tourist population is Japanese and Chinese; exquisite little Japanese ladies serve one with coffee and husky Chinese sit on the pavement making garlands out of flower petals or selling jewellery and strings of shells.

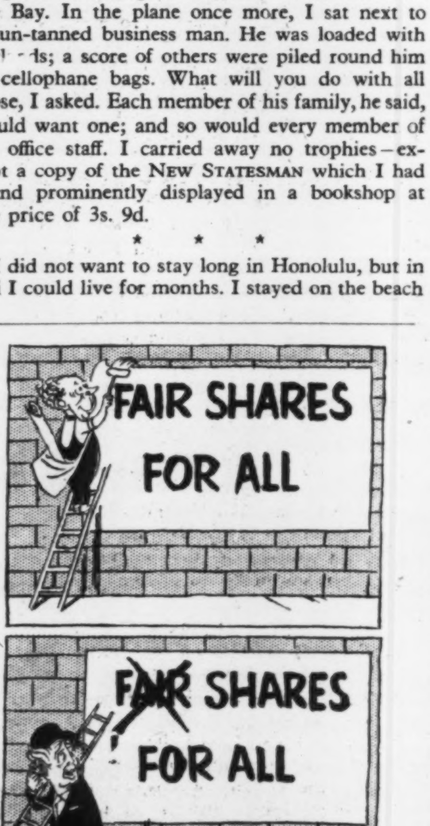
* * *

Surely, I asked, there must be another Honolulu? Where do the poor people live? Somerset Maugham saw 'shacks' as well as hotels, tourist agencies, banks and limousines. No longer. I should find it hard, they said, to see any poor people, except perhaps after some hours of driving, at the other end of the island. A taxi I hired to take me out of the huge American town did no more than charge me five dollars to see the University, many 'lovely homes' (made almost invisible by bougainvillea and a score of varieties of gorgeous flowering shrubs), and a fine view over the Bay. In the plane once more, I sat next to a sun-tanned business man. He was loaded with garlands; a score of others were piled round him in cellophane bags. What will you do with all those, I asked. Each member of his family, he said, would want one; and so would every member of his office staff. I carried away no trophies – except a copy of the New Statesman which I had found prominently displayed in a bookshop at the price of 3s. 9d.

* * *

I did not want to stay long in Honolulu, but in Fiji I could live for months. I stayed on the beach where Dr Joan Malleson died and I recall the happy description of it she wrote in her last letter. Like me, she found it 'paradise' to live right on a great coral reef where one can swim lazily as long as the tide is in, and over which one can walk, bemused with the wonder of it, as soon as the tide goes out. There are, as she wrote, 'great gaudy pink shells – the sort landladies have on the mantelpiece', though they take some looking for; and in the pools tiny kingfisher-blue angel fish dart in and out amongst the coral branches. A perfect place in which to lounge or write a book; you live in a small hut, with electricity and a toilet and shower to yourself, and you need only go to the hotel for meals. High coconut trees wave above you, and why people don't get killed when the fruit falls I have never been able to understand. There are wonderful birds, especially the bell bird, whose song Joan Malleson thought made our thrushes and blackbirds sound 'like tin cans'. You are looked after by dark Fijian men and girls with smiling faces and vast aureoles of black hair. The Fijians still live in communities of perhaps 20 or 30 huts close together and very few of them, apparently, have yet learnt to be greedy for money. But I suppose this will soon be a paradise lost. The Indians, who reproduce themselves more quickly than the Fijians, now outnumber them, and there is a brooding hostility which you will quickly find in conversation. And then they tell me that there is soon to be another nearby airstrip, with the prospect of all Los Angeles arriving with photographers in tow. This was only a glimpse of the Pacific. I dream that some day I'll sail on a small boat, with no time schedule, among the islands which cannot yet be reached by air.

Critic



This England

Prizes: £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed. Paste entries on a postcard.

I hung some mistletoe up in my hall and a boy I know came in and saw me standing under it and just did nothing. Ought I to have drawn his attention to it? – Letter in *She*. (P. Doubleday.)

Why have the Three Kings become such popular figures on Christmas cards when their appropriate festival is the Epiphany (Jan. 6)?

One card has already reached my office from a commercial firm showing three formalised, almost identical figures, who bear no visible gifts. Neither the management nor their artist, it seems, know much about tradition; Gaspar, for instance, was a Negro. Would it not have been better to have a nice coaching scene – Letter in *Daily Telegraph*. (Angela Gall.)

All had the gloomy, dedicated look of Britons enjoying themselves, and Miss K. Bond, one of the pensioners, declared her intention of writing to thank the Minister of Works.

The concert was staged by the Ministry as an experiment, to help them decide whether patrons of St. James's Park should be given music as well as ducks to entertain them next summer. – *The Times*. (D. S. Nachshen.)

Just think of it – Prince Charles and Princess Anne reading – *and treasuring* – a Christmas card from YOU!

Well, you need dream no longer. The *Daily Herald* can at last offer you that thrill, that exclusive pleasure.

Gracious permission has been given by Buckingham Palace that FOUR 'home-made' Christmas cards – two from boys, two from girls – may be sent by the *Daily Herald* to the Royal children, and you can be quite sure that Prince Charles and Princess Anne will themselves receive the cards. – *Daily Herald*. (G. Y. Parnell.)

Poems by Boris Pasternak

These translations have been made by Eugene M. Kayden, of the University of the South, Sewanee, Tennessee, who has been in correspondence with the poet; The Passing Storm, *unpublished in Russia, was recently sent to him by Mr Pasternak in manuscript as a gift. The translations of it and of* I Would Go Home *and* Thrushes *are printed by agreement with the* New Republic *where they have just appeared. The others appear for the first time.*

The Passing Storm

The air is heavy with the passing storm.
The earth lies calm and free and glad again.
Through all its pores the flowering lilac bush
Drinks deep the pure cool freshness of the plain.

The world's reborn, transfigured by the storm.
The gutters shed a flood of rain. Now fair
And vast the blue beyond the shrouded sky,
And bright the ranges of celestial air.

But more exalted far the poet of power,
Who washes clean the dust and grime away,
When by his art emerge transformed the harsh
Realities and truths of naked day.

Then memories of decades with the storm
Retreat. Free from the past of tutelage,
Our century demands the time has come
To clear a passage for the coming age.

No swift upheaval swelling of itself
Can make the way for our new life to be;
Our hope – the message of a spirit kindled
By truth revealed and magnanimity.

We Came to Georgia

We came to Georgia. You'd know this country
If hell you'd multiply by paradise,
Or want by tenderness, or see a hothouse
Serve as a base uplifting peaks of ice.

And then you'd understand what subtle doses
We ask of duty, work, success, and air,
United properly with earth and sky,
For man to be fair as we found him there –

So that he'd master well his life in bondage,
In famine, in defeat, without a fault,
And thus abide a model through the ages,
A man in sturdiness as plain as salt.

Early Winter Days

The door was open and the kitchen
Was filled with waves of frosty cold,
And, as in childhood on such evenings,
The world quite suddenly grew old.

Dry days and stillness. In the street
About five steps away, grey Winter
Stands timid in uncertainty
As one who doesn't dare to enter.

It snows, and all is new again.
Like blind old men without a guide
Or staff, the willows seem to wander
Into November space outside.

The stream's now ice; the osier freezes.
Above the naked ice looms high
The darkened over-arching mirror
Of the infinite and vaulted sky.

But under it a birch tree leans
Beside the road; in loneliness,
With bright stars fastened in her hair
She gazes in that looking-glass.

She long surmises, as her secret,
He brings surprises on the sly
To cottage folk, as wonderful
As are his wonders in the sky.

The Urals for the First Time

In darkness, no midwife to help, pressing
Its hands against gloom, the Ural fastness
Half-dead with agony was screaming
In blindest pain at the birth of morning.

Tall ranges, loosed by chance, and the bronze
Of massive shadows came rumbling down.
A panting locomotive; the spectral fir trees
Swerved, stumbling, hurled by piercing shrieks.

An opiate the smoky dawn. No doubt:
Plied by a huge flame-breathing dragon
To factories and mountain summits –
Like travellers duped by a practised thief.

The flames of sunrise. From poppy-red skies
Like hunters on skis, they licked the foothills,
They suddenly lighted the firs with crowns,
And roused them to enter their kingdom again.

In glory arrayed, the shaggy dynasts
Of firs, rank by rank arose, and trod
The orange velvet of carpeted snows
And tinselled cloth and damask.

Thrushes

Far at a lonely rural station
Deep silence falls on noontime plains.
Close by the railway line, goldfinches
Sing drowsily in dreamful lanes.

There boundless, burning as desire,
The highway stretches far in space.
A lilac woodland near looks like
A forelock of the cloud's grey face.

Along the wooded road the trees
Wave to the plodding horse in play.
Among the rotting stumps, in hollows,
Lie violets, leaf mould, decay.

No doubt the thirsting thrushes come
To drink in hollows such as these
When loud they sing the daylong tidings
With ice and passion in their knees.

In shrilling warnings long or short,
With thrilling passionate or cold,
Their brass-lined singing throats are glossy
With puddles of the leafy mould.

They have their knolls and sheltered nooks,
Sly games of peeping through blinds,
Their whispered fussing round the corners,
Their chatter, feuds about their finds.

Daylong throughout their airy quarters
Their secrets flash in public rhyme.
Dark copses quaver long their chorus,
And branches sing in quarter-time.

Such is the thrushes' dreamful haunt.
They live in nature's homely brake
And wood, untamed, as artists should,
And theirs the way I too would take.

I Would Go Home

I would go home again – to rooms
With sadness large at eventide,
Go in, take off my overcoat,
And in the light of streets outside

Take cheer. I'll pass the thin partitions
Right through, yes like a beam I'll pass,
As image blends into an image,
As one mass splits another mass.

Let all abiding mooted problems
Deep rooted in our fortunes seem
To some a sedentary habit;
Still even so I brood and dream.

Again the trees and houses breathe
Their old refrain and fragrant air.
Again to right and left old winter
Sets up her household everywhere.

Again by dinner time the dark
Comes suddenly – to blind, to scare,
To teach the narrow lanes and alleys
She'll fool them if they don't take care.

Again the skies seize unawares
The earth; again the whirlwinds blow
And wrap the last few dozen aspens
Deep in a cloak of drifting snow.

Again, though weak my heart, O Moscow,
I listen, and in words compose
The way you smoke, the way you grope,
The way your great construction goes.

And so I take you as my harness
For the sake of raging days to be,
That you may learn my verse by rote
And for my truth remember me.

Translations by
EUGENE KAYDEN

Mother Goose's Case Book

I had a little suitcase
And nothing would it hold
But the little lady
I met at Chiddingfold.

*

There was an old woman
Who lived in a shoe.
For Freudian reasons
A house wouldn't do.

*

This little pig went to market,
This little pig stayed alone,
This little pig had roast beef,
This little pig had none,
And this little pig cried "Wee-wee-wee-wee-wee!"
And was sent to an Approved Home.

*

Humpty Dumpty wrote on a wall.
Humpty Dumpty made a great scrawl.
All the Queen's Counsel and Lord Justice Tibbett
Couldn't stop asking to see the exhibit.

*

Wee Willie Winkie runs through the town
Upstairs and downstairs in his nightgown,
Peering in the classroom, peeping in the dormitory.
Lock the little children up and dial the Reformatory.

*

Peter Piper had a pickled Poppa
Who made his Momma more than mildly mad.
The child seems very cheerful with his chopper.
Where's the pickled Poppa Peter Piper *had*?

*

Curly-locks, Curly-locks,
Will you be mine,
Though I am ninety
And you are but nine?

*

John's got
Great big
Waterproof
Boots on;
John's got a
Great big
Waterproof
Hat;
John's got a
Great big
Waterproof
Mackintosh.
'And that,'
Said Jung,
'Is that.'

*

Diddle, diddle, dumpling, my son John
Went to bed with his breeches on.
How very, very different from my son Bert
Who went to bed in his sister's skirt.

Paul Dehn

Do We Need a Plumber?

Amid a fairly extensive lack of general world interest which is both intelligible and remarkable, our neighbouring country of Ireland is currently making up its mind whether or not it will call in the demolition gang to knock the constitution about with a view to rebuilding on a new floor plan. Mr De Valera, who has been a Prime Minister for a lot more years put together than any other statesman anywhere, has decided that Irish government yet lacks stability, and the Proportional Representation system is the cause.

The news does not bring the special correspondents pounding across the tarmac at Collinstown airport. One has the impression that in our day the pseudo-Marxists have so absolutely routed the liberal fakers that people who purport to be making major changes without calling out the paratroops rate but scant attention, unless the whole of the rest of the Sunday newspaper has fallen into the bath. And mention of Proportional Representation makes listeners yawn, or else muse nostalgically on debates at the Mechanics' Institute in the High Street, decades and decades ago when people still hoped that sort of thing mattered.

Many people have written disinterested, impartial assessments of PR and its alternatives, but they were schoolboys at the time, competing for the social history prize. No one over the age of 15 has ever been that detached. After that, PR is sometimes good and sometimes bad. It is a system depending for its merits on whether its introduction or abolition is liable to give our party its desirable mandate for building the New Jerusalem, or to let that oppositional gang of self-seekers into power.

The French, often apt to conclude that because we are going to die some day it is but logical to commit suicide right now, have cocked a notable snook at the notion that there is anything of much importance about parliamentary democracy except who rigs the vote. When Eldridge Gerry governed Massachusetts in 1812 and did what he did to the electoral districts, he gave birth to what – for a long time – was quite a dirty word. Today, however, the man who would boast unwillingness to gerrymander a constituency or a vote is seen at once as either a hypocrite or a political cissy.

Yet the Irish, who quite often seem to be the only people still treating the phrase 'western civilisation' as if it were at least supposed to mean something – they will even assert there is a vital relation between the language you talk and your total political character and cultural behaviour – claim that the discussion of Proportional Representation is basic in relation to democracy. This makes them look old-fashioned, like people insisting on getting the correct change for their money when they ought to be floating along brooding on the re-de-inflationary trend-spiral.

Mr De Valera's arguments for an appeal, by referendum, to the country for a decision to have done with PR (imposed in the first place, as we now suddenly recall, by tricky British Lloyd George) are formidable. Naturally they are. Mr De Valera is one of the most sagely formidable and (to use another old-hat term) noble statesman of our day. He is also as sly as an old Cheshire Cat, so that people dealing with him are never sure whether what they have here is the cat itself, or just the infinitely wise smile, left to engage their attention while the cat is off on some secret ploy of its own. Probably he is more concerned with the spiritual aspect of the human condition than most western politicians. But, as he showed the other day, he is a fast man with an aerial petrol bomb when action is needed against misguided IRA-men seeking to break out of the internment camp at the Curragh. If the Supreme Universal Boxing Commission were ever to get around to staging a match between him and Pandit Nehru, that would be a contest well worth watching.

So Mr De Valera's adherents say that what PR is doing is to encourage selfish little sectional interest-groups who then, simply to form a more or less viable government, form a more or less compromise-corrupted coalition, pulling the country along as erratically as a troika whose horses have been fed on too many oats. A bad thing, surely. What is needed to face our grave problems is a majority for one single, monolithic party like, just merely for instance, Mr De Valera's Fianna Fail – or, of course, any other single party capable of securing such a majority. Some such party, that is to say, as might emerge at a future time in the fullness of Irish political development, and we wish such a party well – but not too well, and not too soon.

Opponents of the proposed change counter-attack in two modes. On the knee-hacking, eye-gouging plane they say that the entire proposition is a vile trick. Because – so they crudely assert – abolition of PR as such is not the whole purpose of the cunning devils. This is to be tied to a re-alignment of constituencies (obligatory under the existing constitution). This, these critics aver, will be achieved by a commission which – in loving memory of Eldridge Gerry – will so draw the lines that the one-member constituencies will, during foreseeable time, return a parliamentary majority for Fianna Fail. How, it is in return asked by high-minded men, can such a thing be, since steps are being taken to ensure that the commission shall be impartial? But there are men who, when asked to believe that any commission on such a question could possibly be 'impartial', will brutally ask whom do you think you're codding?

On a more gracious-living level, people say that surely this business of having the various minority interests in the country represented in the country's parliament is one of the things that democrats would be in favour of if they believed in democracy? If, they say, even five per cent. of the people are in favour of, for example, the Clann na Phoblacht, should they not have at least a fighting chance to get an approximate five per cent. of the parliamentary representation? Admittedly such a notion would be horrifying to the British, but no serious person in Ireland would contend that what the British have is a democracy. From Dublin it doesn't even look like a democracy.

The answer from the men who want to streamline the government is that if allowing minority groups in Kerry and Donegal and such places, not to mention the hoteliers and the unemployed, to get seats in the Dail is democracy, then democracy does not work. At this point, the Irish voters – and this in the year 1959 as near as makes no difference – are again arguing annoyingly about the sort of question that everyone else has agreed to put in a nice frame and leave in the attic. Is democracy supposed to 'work' in that sense? Does it work any more than a fine day with the band playing? Who can prove that democracy will get you security, and a big American investment, and the esteem of people who know that 'the long-term interests of the country' must survive regardless of what happens to the various individual interests of the people in it – many of them so selfish and sectional that they would barter the national birthright for a mess of pensions?

Confronting themselves with this type of question, many – just possibly a majority – of the voters may conclude that the pipes of their democracy are leaking so badly (as Mr De Valera says they are) that they need to call in the plumbers. But they are uncomfortably aware that the difficulty with plumbers is how to get them out of the house. (In this, of course, they differ from the Germans, who never feel easy unless the plumbers are there in force. Germans feel nervous at the idea of being able to walk right into the lavatory and use it without a plumber to tell you how dangerous it is, in view of world conditions.)

Some believe that there is essentially no difference between the two main existing parties, Fianna Fail and Fine Gael. For years, indeed, influential persons, mobilised by the ever-thoughtful *Irish Times,* have been urging a frank merger between the two, after which, they say, the big new merged party would split along 'natural' divisions of left and right. (It may be surmised that the *Irish Times,* in favouring this plan, makes the assumption that there will turn out to be more people on the right than on the left. But that thought hardly affects the argument.)

Naturally nobody seriously supposes that the leading parties – with their Cabinets and shadow Cabinets, their jobs and rumours of jobs – are really going to abolish themselves in that way. But it can reasonably be thought that if Mr De Valera's plan is realised – a second reading of the 'anti-PR bill', the necessary prelude to the referendum, has now passed the Dail – we might get a Fianna Fail Party so large and so secure in office that it might be able to afford the sort of molecular fission seen in the two American parties. Then we should have a right wing of Fianna Fail in more or less *sotto voce* coalition with right wingers elsewhere, and a similar coalition of left Fianna Fail people with the leftists who now form the complained-of minority groups. It might even work.

CLAUD COCKBURN

The Arts and Entertainment

Controlling the Spin

CRITICS should always look their hobby-horses in the mouth. Yet despite this warning, the more I think about the art of the last and the next forty years (which is the minimum time-span with which any critic should concern himself) the more I am convinced that the question of Cubism is a – and probably the – fundamental one. Cubist mannerisms are of course widespread, but it is not to these that I refer; stylistic mannerisms are the small-talk of art. It is the Cubist attitude to nature, to the content of art, which has opened up so many real and truly modern possibilities.

The static single view-point in painting and sculpture can no longer satisfy the expectations deriving from our new knowledge of history, physical structure, psychology. We now think in terms of processes rather than substances. Many twentieth-century artists have expressed this shift and progress in our knowledge by using unusual, eccentric view-points whose significance depends on vibrant comparisons, made outside the picture, with other less eccentric viewpoints. This is the principle behind expressionist distortions and surrealist juxtapositions. Their success depends on – as it were – setting the viewer spinning. Their argument is: a form is not in fact what it appears to be, and therefore if we wilfully deform it we can usefully make people doubt the apparent truth; so let us cast off and trust to the unknown currents. The reduction to absurdity of this attitude is the worship of the accident, as in Action Painting.

Deliverance II

The Cubist attitude is totally opposed to this. The Cubists established the principle of using multiple view-points *within* the picture and therefore of controlling the spin and the vibrations of meaning. They were concerned with establishing new knowledge rather than with destroying the old, and so they were concerned with statements not doubts. They wanted their art to be as self-sufficient as the truth. They aimed to disclose processes, not to ride hell bent down them into ferment. They were not of course scientists. They were artists, and so they connected one phenomenon with another by an imaginative rather than physical logic. Human consciousness was their arena as well as their tool. But they were almost unique in modern art in that they believed that this consciousness could be considered rationally, not, as all romantics believe, just suffered.

Readers might now reasonably assume that I am talking about the classic Cubist works of 1908 to 1913, and that when I say 'multiple view-points' I mean it literally and optically. The true consequences of Cubism, however, are far wider, and nobody illustrates this better than the sculptor Jacques Lipchitz. Lipchitz is little known or discussed in this country. Earlier this year there was a large retrospective exhibition of his work touring the continent, but it did not come to London. At last, though, a small book on him has been published here (Zwemmer, 16s.). From this exhibition he emerged as a remarkable artist – surely with Zadkine among the few possibly great sculptors of our time. He would be the first to admit that he was

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formed by Cubism. Indeed, from 1913 for about ten years he produced sculpture which looked very like early Cubist paintings: the same scrolly shapes, sharp edges, lack of depth, and even the same subjects. These were the works of his apprenticeship. Mostly they fail as sculpture. The forms have been taken too directly from painting. They look like canvases seen through stereoscopic spectacles. But from the middle Twenties Cubism ceased to be a matter of style for him, and became a question of imaginative vision. Some of his new works were open wire-like sculptures; others were massive figures, a little like the sculptural equivalent of Légers, with surfaces sometimes polished and sometimes very broken-up. All, however, were metphors in movement.

I fear that that is an obscure phrase but perhaps I can clarify it by an example. There is a large work of a pair of lovers on the ground. The forms are very severely simplified. There are no hands, no feet, no faces. One mass presses down on another. Their four legs have become two simple forms – a little like the front wings of a car. The man's arms connect two shoulders – his own with hers. Their heads both bent backwards from the chin, form a shape like an open beak – his the top bill and hers the bottom. In profile the whole work looks somewhat like a tortoise – the shell their two bodies – raising itself up on its legs. But its spirit is not in the least zoomorphic. It is cast in bronze and its forms are metallic. Just as much as a tortoise, it also suggests a fulcrum, levers and counter-weights. Its distortions and simplifications have not been governed by the material as in Moore, nor by emotional urges and fears as in Marini; they have been very carefully derived from the objective structural stresses and movements of the subject. Hence the energy of the work. It springs from its own base. Rodin, whom Lipchitz much admires, was also concerned with movement, but for Rodin the movement of a figure was something that happened to it. For Lipchitz, concerned with processes rather than substances, and looking in imagination from multiple view-points, movement is the very mode of being for his figures.

Poetically this means that he conjures up allusions to all forms of movement: to the wind, to animals, to fire, to plants opening, to gestation. His refugees fall like stones from a collapsing building (see illustration); Prometheus strangles the vulture (an intended symbol for Fascism) as wind strangles a flame. His happy figures are like new boats on the stocks. Orpheus rediscovers his love and they are like two clouds in the sky. Ideologically it means that he is in a position to make the truthful symbols of our time. Speed is rightly – but not just in the sense of travelling fast – our special concern. We aim to set processes in motion. Only Gods are static. And historically it means that Lipchitz has learnt, when he is at his best, the lessons of Cubism: has learnt to control the spin and produce a modern rational art.

JOHN BERGER

Doing What Comes Naturally

THERE are two actors in the piece at the Haymarket (*Two for The Seesaw*, by William Gibson) and each has an equal share of the words. But while it is plain throughout that Mr Peter Finch is talking his head off, you are no more aware that Miss Gerry Jedd is using words than you are aware that she is using arms. Mr Finch is cast as a contemporary all-American talking-man, the sort of man who can look out of the window and say 'I'm drowning here in this cement' as easily as other men complain that their collars are tight. He is insecure, he loves his wife but his wife has been unfaithful, so he has run away to New York where he has become a popular hermit at parties. At a party he meets Miss Jedd – 'a born victim' – invites her to need him, and by the time she has fully accepted the invitation is already on the way back to his wife.

It is a glib but credible characterisation – but what is Mr Finch to do with it? Mr Finch is an actor whose talent is reticence: how is he to get his heart on to his sleeve, how is he to unbridle himself without dissipating the force that we know to be his only when he contains it? Well, Mr Finch is a workman, he goes after the part as if its voluble intimacy did not offend him, but the words lead him all the way, and only once – during a beautifully abashed passage when he is trying to tell the girl what it is to love a wife – does he catch up with them and make them his own.

It is not his fault we never give him the attention we give Miss Jedd. Somewhere within herself Miss Jedd has found the character she plays, and while Mr Finch is diligently going against his grain she is doing what comes naturally. It is like watching one person spring over a wall while another climbs it. She has the sort of part beloved of winsome players – a promiscuous innocent, vulnerable and loving, a sort of orphan on the parish of the world. But there is no atom of winsomeness in her performance, and not once does she importune her audience. It is interesting to note the difference between a role that has been assembled (Mr Finch's) and one that has been created – at any given moment Mr Finch's behaviour is incapable of more than a single interpretation; Miss Jedd's is capable of several, though permitting only one.

Why do matrons in drawing-room comedies shake their arms? They shake them at good news and at bad, at laughter and at tears, during breakfast and after tea. Miss Gladys Cooper shakes hers so violently on the stage of the Winter Garden that one imagines the fingers flying off and dropping like assegais on to Miss Kendall and Mr Gwynn. It is all part of a design to reassure an audience that acting is in fact in progress, part of an appalling busyness that is never experienced outside drawing-room comedy.

But Miss Joan Haythorne won't have it. In *Who's Your Father*? at the Cambridge she is the rather charming, rather well-bred, rather awful matron, but she absolutely refuses to be busy. She walks on to the stage and is perfectly prepared to look as though she is doing nothing because she is perfectly confident that she is doing enough. She is even prepared to look a trifle bored. Indeed, her detachment is such that one can almost believe she has a cheese-sandwich half-eaten in the prompt-corner which is slightly preoccupying her, and to which she returns when her lines for the moment are done. This is not negligence, for in seeming to neglect itself, her personality becomes undeniable.

Not, however, to much purpose. Denis Cannan re-populates the drawing-room convention with an angry young man, a tycoon who has lost his birth-certificate, and a quantity of topical gags. But the angry turns out to be an Etonian, the tycoon's father not a brothel-keeper but a Bishop, and niceness is all. Even niceness calls for a more continuous vitality than the author seems able to give it. Mr Maurice Denham speaks as vigorously as though he were filling the sails of some invisible merchantman; Mr Donald Sinden goes in for clumsy loveability, but so doggedly that at times he seems to be striking himself on the head with a hammer. And Miss Maureen Swanson does what she has to do with all the conscientiousness in the world, but very little of the conviction. Were Dame Peggy Ashcroft to pronounce the word 'exactly' as though it was 'zackly' we might love her for it: but let Miss Swanson do it, and we are instantly out of humour. It seems unjust.

ROBERT ROBINSON

Chaplin's Return

AFTER eighteen years *The Great Dictator* returns – great as ever. Not that one had for a moment doubted that the eternal Chaplin would be here; but when we last saw it – those of us old enough for the experience – it was in the dark days of the war and our relief and gratitude for its shining comedy were edged with hysteria. It seemed then that no work of Chaplin had reached such heights of fun and drawn into itself so much pain from world events, culminating then in the threat only too successful in its earlier stages; that terror has receded, but it hasn't taken this superb commentary with it; Hitler has gone, Hynkel remains. If you never saw *The Great Dictator* I can only urge you to dash to the London Pavilion at once; if you did long ago see it, then my reassurance that it keeps its qualities is perhaps hardly needed.

Here is the whole nightmare of those years packed into a couple of hours and raised to serenity with something of the skill of a Mozart. The film has two Chaplins; one is Hynkel, the other a little Jew barber with the familiar bowler and pants. Their adventures form a counterpoint, and with almost musical precision one dizzy performance takes the lead and then the other. Little barber gets dogged by a Big Bertha shell; peace brings Hynkel with bark and spit to the rostrum; Hynkel runs up a curtain and dances in solitude with the world in his arms; barber shaves customer to a Brahms Hungarian dance; Hynkel is near becoming God; little barber gets smacked by love, on the head with a saucepan . . . so the two tunes go on, inter-weaving, with a mastery of plot Chaplin has shown in no other film except *The Woman of Paris*, and with Hynkel and his entourage lifted to heights where parody becomes the pure poetry of fun. Into Hynkel is poured all our feelings about Hitler and all Chaplin's determination to go one better. It took him ten years to fill out the portrait, to gabble the speeches just right, to adjust the meetings with Nap, to bring the argument about invasion to an inspired buffet wrangle. And it *is* all, exactly, right, from the ballet-like movements to the epigrams set in aspic It was Chaplin's first big step out of bowler-and-pants-only into speech; and the fact that he had left it almost too late, so that he had to set his last touches against a Europe already engulfed, lends a dangerous tension. No net below for this high trapeze! The result is that, if not his best film – which one could go on debating for ever – this is certainly his most brilliant, the one most alive to its times. And the threat to the individual and to freedom is still with us.

His two figures aren't the only dandies on the screen; there is Jack Oakie's Napoloni, Billy Gilbert's be-medalled and frequently de-medalled Herring, to say nothing of the ghetto people and Paulette Goddard, here the perfect Chaplin heroine: they all triumph in degree. And if you're wondering how that final appeal to humanity can survive the years – don't worry, it does.

Anglo-American relations bring us *The Reluctant Debutante* (Empire), a stale whiff of West

End farce about the debs' last season, lavishly sprayed and whooped by Vincente Minelli; here is a London recognisable to Americans who will take it for granted that Lady Broadbent should say 'From A to Zee' and that English males should be dead from the hair-cream down. From the dead-beat generation, Rex Harrison, whose American daughter gets him caught up in *The Season,* rarely lets a shagged gaiety droop, and our entertainment hangs on the glued eyes and morning-after voice. Kay Kendall, making play with fewer plums, has to run hither and thither. Misunderstandings over the telephone loom large. . . . However, for those who still enjoy the laugh-yawn, in CinemaScope and Metrocolor, here it is.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

Balance Sheet

The year 1959, which is about to begin, will see the sixtieth birthday of Duke Ellington, the fiftieth of Benny Goodman, the fortieth of Lennie Tristano, and the two-hundredth of Voltaire's *Candide,* who has no connection with jazz but whom the student of the popular arts forgets at his peril. At all events, the dream-like optimism which that splendid work satirises, and which is also the occupational disease of the entertainment business, has taken some heavy punishment in 1958. It was the year of Notting Hill; and in spite of the admirable initiative of the artists, entertainers and others now banded together in the *Stars' Campaign for Inter-racial Friendship,* no one will claim that our race relations are a cause for cheerfulness. It was also – the two phenomena are not unconnected – the year in which record sales and concert attendances slumped; a fact which is at last publicly admitted, though its obvious connection with the current economic recession still seems to escape a lot of people in the business. Nothing is odder than the reluctance of capitalists to recognise the shape of their own economy. It is a welcome sign of a bad conscience that record dealers put down the slump to the excess of junk which is poured over the public ('At least one-third of what they produce is rubbish'), but it explains nothing. Prosperity is not the time when entertainment is good, but the time when even the worst rubbish sells. A slump is not caused by an improvement in the taste or intelligence of the public, but by the fact that there is not enough money around to buy all the junk that is going; though there is, alas, no reason to believe that even in the depth of crisis Mr Conway Twitty's *It's Only Make Believe* or Lord Rockingham's *Hoots Mon* will not be high in the hit parade.

In a word, 1958 has not been a prize year, though *Variety* at last, and no doubt mistakenly, records the decline of the last five years' rock-and-roll mania. The year has seen the death of public skiffle and the rise of *cha-cha*; the conversion of good honest jazz-spots into afternoon nude shows, the rise of the hula hoops and of Mr Acker Bilk's band which appears to differ from a dozen other traditionalist bands, several of them distinctly its musical superiors, chiefly by playing in Edwardian fancy-dress. Still, the jazz-lover can look back on it with some satisfaction. It has produced much good and some memorable live jazz, both British and American, and a very fine lot of records of which the 22 critics of *Jazz Journal* pick the Louis Armstrong 'Musical Autobiography' (Brunswick), the Ellington Shakespeare suite (Philips) and *The Atomic Mr Basie* (Columbia) as the top three. They are almost certainly wrong, if only in playing it so safe. But how are we to know for what 1958 will be remembered? Will the Franco-American collaboration of the *Kenny Clarke Quartet* (Columbia EP) sound as fresh and brilliant in 20 years' time as *Coleman Hawkins' All Stars* with Django Reinhardt do today (HMV EP)? I should guess so. Will the run-of-the-mill small-group jazz of 1958 produce such a lasting pattern of enjoyable sounds as that which enables the companies to continue issuing the records of the late 1930s and early 1940s almost without a break – Lionel Hampton (RCA EP), Benny Goodman (Philips EP 12104 and 12189), Earl Hines (Philips EP), Bunny Berigan (RCA EP)? I should guess not. But how do we know? Time has not yet made its selection.

And so forward to 1959, which will begin with a tour by the New Orleans symbol George Lewis (11-31 January), the Albert Hall *All-Night Carnival of Jazz* (16 January) and the third visit of Count Basie's band (7 February). There is only one safe prediction about it: that it will give a little more prominence than hitherto to the guitar-player Sacha Distel. Jazz impresarios may or may not be strong for the arts, but they can recognise the advertising value of being Brigitte Bardot's husband as well as anybody else.

FRANCIS NEWTON

Gilt-Edged Goo

The biliousness inseparable from 'the festive season' (unless you believe the commercials) is aggravated this year by the news that Harry Belafonte, the American Negro singer, has been signed up by the BBC for five years for a fee of about £25,000. Why on earth does the BBC lose its head like this about a pop-singer whose appeal is, to put it mildly, not universal? True, the records of his folksy, pietistic little ditties sell well at this time of year: it is impossible to escape from them on any Light or Luxembourg disc-programme. But there must be half-a-dozen singers of comparable popularity whom the BBC could have hired for less money without upsetting a substantial and sensitive minority. I regard Belafonte as the Ramsay MacDonald of folk-song. When I first heard him in America, five or six years ago, he was singing genuine folk stuff, work-songs and such, and singing it in a way that suggested that he knew what it was about. Never was an artist spoiled so quickly or so thoroughly (in an artistic sense) by success. Some of Belafonte's recent numbers do not even represent a compromise with commercialism: they run, or ooze, all the way to meet it, with the gooey facility of the treacle which provides the obvious simile. But I am sure that millions will wallow with pleasure in his 45-minute recorded programme at 7.40 p.m. on Christmas Day. As we dine late, we shall wait until his second appearance, in the Epilogue at 11.52, when his top-ten hit, *Mary's Boy-child,* should send us happily, purged, to bed.

What other horrors (or, improbably, delights) await our eyes and ears this Yule? Well, if you want to hear a Negro who has retained his artistic as well as his personal integrity, Paul Robeson is on the Light at 7 p.m. on Christmas Day (repeat next day, Home, 1.10). And the Third, stooping to take cognisance of Christ's Nativity, has a carol-programme (6 p.m.) which will be unchallengeably authentic (the names of A. L. Lloyd and Ewan MacColl guarantee that) and also refreshingly free from the hackneyed items of which one begins to tire (yes, even in the famous Christmas Eve service from King's); for this will consist largely of carols from oral tradition, and 'old favourities' will occur in unfamiliar versions.

I never thought that I should be glad of the rigid serial programming imposed on ITV by the exigencies of commerce, but some of the imported regulars may offer brief respites from festivity. Unfortunately, most of the native regulars, e.g., *Double Your Money* and *Mary Britten, MD,* find it necessary to be seasonable. On Christmas Eve at 4.25 there is a repeat of A-R's imaginative *Nativity* programme (in which the camera explores details of fifteenth-century Flemish paintings of the Nativity, matched with suitable music); ATV show a programme of a rather similar kind on Christmas Day at 6.20. A Christmas Mass by the Czech composer Ryba can be heard on the Third on Christmas Eve.

But, to some of us, the most acceptable programmes will be those that have nothing to do with Christmas, defiled and vulgarised by commercialism and paganised as it now is. *Frankly Speaking* has been very good lately: when Lord Boothby was 'done', the effect was rivetingly candid and completely sympathetic; I look forward to hearing Honor Tracy, Michael Ayrton, and Stephen Potter interrogate James Thurber (Home, Christmas Eve, 9.15 p.m.). I am grateful to both TV channels for reviving, on the evening of Christmas Day, two highly enjoyable old American films (*Top Hat* on the BBC, *The Maltese Falcon* on ITV) and particularly for so timing them that they do not overlap; or was this an accident? On the same evening – clashing, alas, with *The Maltese Falcon* – there is on the Third a musical satire based on *Parkinson's Law.*

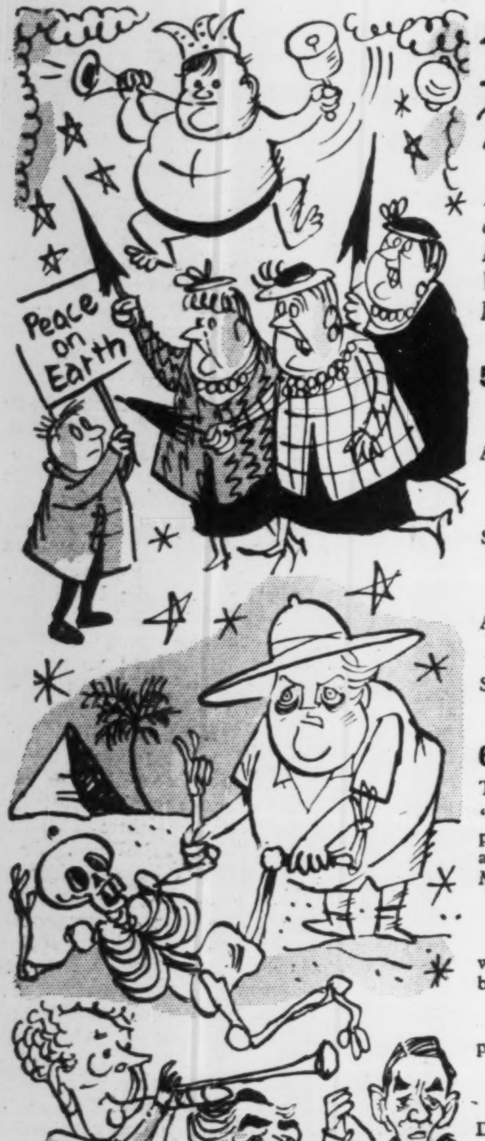
Perhaps, after all, it won't be unremittingly intolerable. Christmas is not always as ghastly as one expects it to be: as with other experiences, it is only if one looks forward to enjoying it that one is disappointed. I did have one heart-rending disappointment the other day, though: half-attending to my TV, I could have sworn that I heard an announcer – with, perhaps, an imperfect enunciation or an addiction to spoonerism – read a boost for the forthcoming programme called *The Dinosaur Show.* This really might have been something. Anxious not to miss it, I looked it up. To my intense chagrin, the name was Dinah Shore.

TOM DRIBERG

'Turandot' at Covent Garden

Puccini's Turandot is surely one of the most unsatisfactory of the leading soprano roles. She has nothing to do in the first act but appear at a window, and if we discount the music that Alfarro wrote for the final scene (as we very well may because it is not very good), she has very little to do in the last act. She has one magnificent bolt to shoot in the big riddle scene of the second act, and everything depends upon the singer's ability to heap the gold without any preparation. It must be an unnerving experience for a singer attempting the part for the first time, and Miss Amy Shuard is to be congratulated on the considerable degree of success she achieved on Thursday evening at the Royal Opera House. Vocally she is suited to the part, as she has a natural command of large, hard and brilliant tone; on Thursday she did not produce the amplitude of sound that one expected and her performance had little variety, but I suspect that, like the iceberg she was portraying, her interpretation has hidden depths and that Turandot, like Cassandra, will become one of her best parts. Mr Hans Kaart was an assured and creamy-toned Calaf, though with an inexpressive lower register; and Miss Marie Collier was a deeply affecting Liu. Mr John Pritchard conducted a performance of swelling vitality, and one might really take this anonymous production quite seriously if Ping, Pang and Pong were not encouraged to behave as if they were in the Mikado.

E. T.



Christmas Eve

A non-stop programme of entertainment, culture, sentiment and instruction, to be televised on all networks. Script by Vladimir Nabokov, lyrics by A. L. Rowse, production by Oliver Poole, gloss by Hugh Cudlipp, singing by Brendan Behan, off-stage noises by Dame Irene Ward, scenery by Congo. Your compère, by permission of Westminster Follies Ltd., will be **Mac King Cole**

5.30 CHILDREN'S HALF-HOUR

"The Nice Old Gentlemen"
A playlet about a group of little boys and girls who live in the shrubbery of a London Park

"Nature Notes"
Sir Bernard Waley-Cohen describes some of the teeny-weeny stags he has befriended on Exmoor

For the Very Young Ones:
Auntie Annie Fleming tells another of her fireside tales

For Older Children:
Sir Edward Boyle talks about "How to Get On"

6.0 BANDWAGGON

Top-line bands bring hits from past and present, with

"Fats" Hailsham and His Blackpool Bruisers playing "Two Lovely Blue Eyes," "Jingo Bells" and an up-beat version of "She Was Only a Teen-Age Marcher (but they threw her in the concrete all the same)"

Randolph and His Suezides
will resurrect a few forgotten numbers from that breath-taking operetta, "Goodbye to Goldeneye"

Corky* and Her German Band
play selections from the current show at the Palace, "Blood Is Thicker than Vichy Water"

"Curly" Gaitskell and His Fabian Cats
Doug Jay tickles the keys, Roy Jenkins toots the trumpet and "Bomber" Brown tinkles the triangle in a new arrangement of "Dancing With My Shadows"

6.45 Western: GUN BORE

starring
Wyatt Woodrow

Episode Three: Princess Alexandra is besieged in the Health Bar at Harrods by a roving band of Transport House clerical workers, led by Dr Summerskill. For the Marshal of Shepherd's Bush, this presents a tricky problem of divided loyalties. How does he solve it?

7.0 ROUND THE WELFARE CHRISTMAS TREE

Prizewinners in our annual "These Squares Make News" competition will receive their presents:

For Mr Anthony Crosland: A constituency
For the Editor of *Punch:* A Joke
For the Marquis of Milford Haven: A Decree Nisi
For the Metropolitan Police: A consolatory Magnum for all members of the force unavoidably prevented from taking their turn at night-club duty
For Sir Hartley Shawcross: A Directorship of *Tribune*
For Professor Trevor-Roper: A copy of *Suggested Subjects for Post-Graduate Historical Research*

8.0 PARTY GAMES

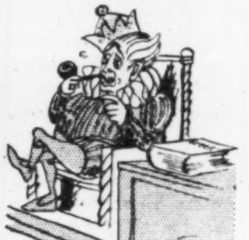
"Postman's Knock"
Competitors will submit envelopes from last year's Christmas Cards to Mr Patrick Gordon-Walker. Owners of sufficiently suspicious entries will be entitled to kiss Mrs Bessie Braddock or Mrs Jean Mann

"Buggins' Turn"
This is a new version of Musical Chairs. To the strains of "Dear Old Pals", competitors walk round the chairs. During each round, a fresh chair is added, and competitors are entitled to occupy two or more chairs. The person who ends up with the most chairs wins an advance copy of his *Times* obituary and the Sir John Anderson Memorial Prize

Those taking part:

SIR WILLIAM HALEY
SIR GERALD D'ERLANGER
SIR IVONE KIRKPATRICK
SIR IAN JACOB
SIR JOHN ROTHENSTEIN
SIR BRIAN ROBERTSON
SIR DAVID KELLY
SIR ALEXANDER CADOGAN

All Hands to the Maypole!



THIS is Mac King Cole in this first year of perpetual Yuletide, speaking to you, the people of England, wherever you may be. Here I sit, a simple Englishman at his castle hearthside, relaxing in the bosom of my family, in the calm contentment of this Nöel, 1958, with my gundogs and my beloved Greek texts beside me. My son Maurice—you'll remember him on the screen, the dark handsome young fellow sitting behind me at Blackpool, when we had that rather rough passage and some of our party's Gentlemen Jacksons had to tap the claret a bit—my son Maurice is next door lashing out our home-brewed mead—Niersteiner and seltzer—to the Bromley crofters. Lady Dorothy is stuffing the goose—the cameras will pan to her in a moment . . .

It's been a hard year, but a good one—once again, as I said last year, and the year before, and as I shall say next year, if the strain of these fireside appearances allow me, we've never had it so good. The English have been drinking more, mafficking more, making more mayhem than at any time in our rough island story. It's Merrie England with a vengeance now. All hands to the maypole! As you know, when I'm not in Cabinet, at the Turf, shooting or reading Aeschylus, I'm something of a historian—only amateur of course, but keen as mustard on the stuff ever since I was at Eton (once we get colour TV the tie'll speak for itself). Trevelyan, Bryant, Rowse and

---

* Jazz slang for H.M.

At Turnstile

(All the competitors will play themselves, with the exception of Sir David Kelly, who will be played by Lady Kelly)

"Hunt the Policy"
(A game for Liberals)

Miss Jacqueline Mackenzie, Mr John Arlott, Mr Ludovic Kennedy, Mr David Astor and assorted teen-agers, delinquents and teddy-boys join in a spirited rough-and-tumble to find answers to such problems as unemployment, Cyprus, the House of Lords, Lady Violet Bonham-Carter and the Corn Laws. The *News Chronicle* and Lord Beveridge will act as cheer-leaders from the side-lines, but the answers will not be given until after the election, and there will be no prizes.

8.45 INSPECTOR WIGG REMEMBERS

Another leaf from the case-book of "The Colonel of Scotland Yard". This week, he investigates the mysterious disappearance of a heap of potato-peelings from an Army Ordnance depot in Finsbury

9.0 "THIS YEAR OF GRACE"

Mac King Cole will deliver his annual survey of events from which we are privileged to publish the following advance extracts (*See Box*)

9.30 Comedy-Serial: "LEAVE IT TO THE ASQUITHS"

Once more we take you to that happy and busy fireside in the slumbering mansion not a stone's-throw from Downing Street. Auntie Vi, you will remember, has just had an unpleasant tussle with an intruding journalist, young Markie has been triumphantly elected to the board, and Jo-Jo, the head of the family, is making interesting enquiries about suspected nepotism in nearby families

Episode Six: a Joint Letter to *The Times*

10.0 FROM FAR AND WIDE

A mixed bag of instruction and gaiety, introduced by Konni Zilliacus and Lord Hinchinbrooke

Mr Ian Gilmour:
"Some lesser-known aspects of the law of libel"

The Rev. G. D. Kilpatrick,
Professor of Exegesis at Oxford University:
"Keeping the Wolfenden from the door"

John Braine:
reads a selection from his press-interviews and describes the plot of his new novel, to be published by *Everybody's* in 1968

The Rt Hon. Earl Attlee:
"Lapses of Memory"

Mr Nigel Nicolson:
"Some of my best friends live in Bournemouth"

Mr Alistair Hetherington:
"Luncheon at the Palace"

(This is a substitute for Mr Hetherington's talk, previously advertised, on "Some Parliamentary Under-Secretaries I have Known Quite Well")

Mr and Mrs T. S. Eliot:
"The Art of Ballroom Dancing"

The Staff of *Encounter*:
"How to Make Freedom Pay"

11.0 CHRISTMAS ROUND THE EMPIRE

A six-thousand mile television link-up, bringing you the voices and faces of those who make our far-flung Empire one big, happy family, with simultaneous commentary by Lords Beaverbrook and Mountbatten

Mr Krobo Edusei (from Ghana); **Sir Roy Welensky** (from Rhodesia); **Archbishop Makarios** (from Athens); **The Imam of Oman** (from Muscat); **Mr Dom Mintoff** (from Malta); **Mrs Cheddi Jagan** (from Guiana); **Sir Compton Mackenzie** (from Barra); **Mr T. Huw Jones** (from Llanfair P.G.); **Mr Verwoerd** (from the Cape); **Mr Tom M'Boya** (from Kenya)

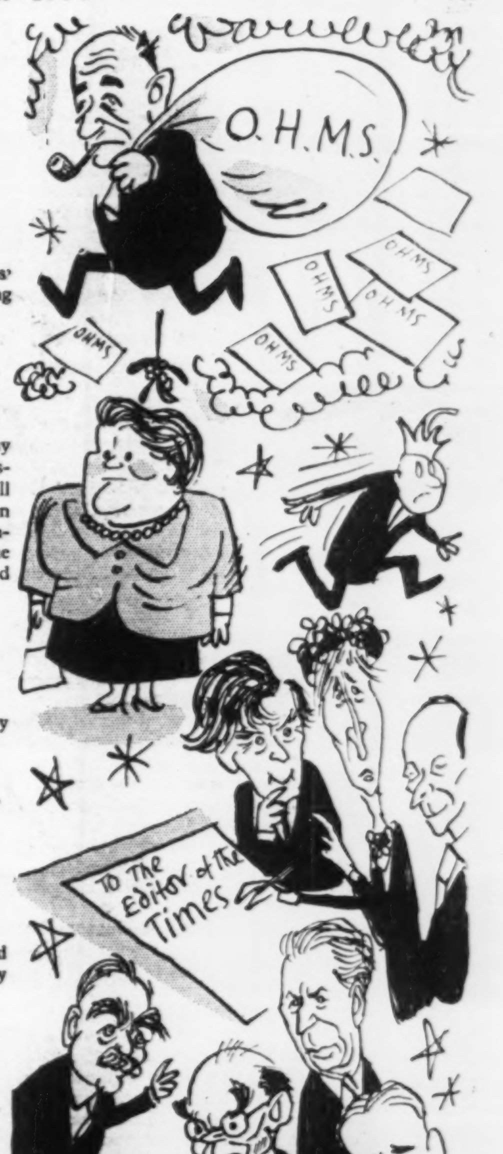
11.5 CLOSE DOWN

The Assembled Company will sing CORKY'S TUNE

---

all that crowd. And lately I've been thinking how much this old country of ours is growing to resemble not so much the Elizabethan age as that far happier, less strenuous period of our history, the Restoration England of Charles the Second. Even its most superficial traits – the abduction of runaway heiresses, the capers of Sedley and Rochester – are being ever more and more richly repeated in our society. Norah Docker, Suna Portman, Tessa Elwes, Raine Lewisham – what age can show such a gallery of fair women? Gilbert Harding, Judy Montagu, Marghanita Laski, Eamonn Andrews, Kenneth Harris, William Clark – what a range of talent and accomplishment our new Restoration exhibits! Nor are more serious matters neglected. My colleague, Mr Lloyd, tells me that the waiting lists of our public schools – even those on the fringe of the Headmasters' Conference – have never been so lengthy. The Church, under the mellifluous guidance of that splendid old sage of Repton, Dr Fisher, continues to keep in step with the moral advance of the age. It has already approved contraceptives and on divorce it becomes more progressive every day. The work of that Restoration pioneer, Miss Mitford, has borne, is bearing and will continue to bear fruit in the maintenance of the Grand Old National Habit. Here, Mr Betjeman also has been in the van of progress. As a result of their efforts, the whole nation is in a delicious and perpetual state of orgasm with *Debrett*, and in our smarter restaurants, so they tell me, executives with five-figure expense accounts can be heard softly correcting one another ('not "cheers," old boy!') over their sixth double gin-and-tonics. Above all, we have the Monarchy, that ever-expanding lotus blossom or capsule of Merrie England's German Blood, binding every hipster and hepster, every cool, square, bum and beat in the kingdom in the dewy, daedal rhythm of the Buck House Bongo. And so, as we sit here, each in our castle under the atomic mistletoe, let's count our blessings, remember the watchword – Merrie England – and hurrah for Mac King Cole!

And now for Lady Dorothy at the Aga. . . .



Correspondence

LABOUR'S FUTURE

Sir,—As one of those who believe that if our country is to have a future of any kind, good or bad, the first and most obvious requirement is survival, Labour's glossy sixpennyworth afforded me little comfort. Thumbing my way to the section labelled 'Defence' I read that we are to continue sharing in the defence of the West through Nato (the ground forces of which, commanded by General Speidel, are to be armed with American nuclear weapons) and that, at the same time, we are paradoxically to fulfil our obligations to the United Nations.

The pamphlet goes on to state that the Labour Party has 'by huge majorities at two successive conferences' rejected the idea of 'renouncing the H-bomb irrespective of what other countries may do'.

A few years ago these same 'huge majorities' of block votes endorsed the rebuilding of German militarism against the wishes of German Socialists and in cynical betrayal of two generations of young Englishmen who gave their lives to render it for ever impossible.

After the H-bomb the topic of most urgent importance, to decent people, is the shameful situation in Cyprus where our boys, like their Black and Tan predecessors, have been set an odious and completely hopeless task by the guilty Conservative government. Cyprus is not even mentioned. I do not wish to appear pessimistic but I must confess that I find little in this pamphlet to arouse a crusader's zeal or make him eager to record his vote. On the contrary, it suggests that the only alternative to the Tories is a Labour government with too little moral courage to pursue a realistic foreign policy, without the energy to rid our island of foreign troops and Thor missiles, and with no clear intention of conferring colonial freedom.

Douglas Goldring

Stonar House, Deal

CHILDREN'S HOSPITALS

Sir,—It is ironical that the diminution of illness among children should be used as an argument for eliminating its main cause—the comparatively recent concentration of attention and equipment on the young. The case for special hospitals was tersely put to me by a parent who had succeeded with difficulty in getting his child out of a children's ward into a children's hospital: 'I would rather have her getting better a bit of a way off than dying next door'. To put it flatly, anyone who knows what is going on is aware that a child which is fairly certain to survive in one hospital is fairly certain to die in another.

Recovery in many hitherto deadly illnesses can be brought about by modern methods, but these call for a lavishly equipped workshop and a large and highly organised team. Consider what is obtainable in a large specialised children's hospital—and there alone:

1. Specially trained nurses, physicians and surgeons.
2. Education of more nurses, physicians and surgeons in this line of work. This is impossible in small scattered units.
3. A drill for those emergencies so sudden and so deadly in the young.
4. Study and research on special problems. This needs in addition to the researchers and the equipment large numbers of cases.
5. Special knowledge of the blood chemistry of the young and the very difficult technique of feeding through the veins. This is perhaps the most important factor in saving lives in such deadly conditions as the common enteritis of infants.
6. Special bacteriological skill and equipment.
7. Very expensive and fragile miniature surgical instruments, with the necessary experience in their use.
8. Education for the older children. At Queen Mary's there are forty full-time teachers.
9. Accommodation of a hostel type for those mothers who wish to come into hospital with their children. Many of us consider that the pioneer work of the late Sir James Spence in this line should be extended rather than suppressed.

As to the distance between home and hospital, inquiries at Queen Mary's have shown that there is no significant difference in frequency of visits between parents who live within five miles, and those within ten. This might be expected with modern transport, and within the ten miles radius there live two and three-quarter millions in residential districts. A large proportion of the children in the hospital could have been accommodated nearer home had not their parents and their family doctors preferred efficiency to proximity.

Denis Browne

46 Harley Street, W1

NEWINGTON LODGE

Sir,—I am very conscious of the necessity of outside investigation of all institutions housing helpless people so that Bumbledom and tyranny and even faulty staff arrangements can be exposed and cured, but Mrs Audrey Harvey must not belabour the LCC welfare department too much.

I am an East End family case-worker of some experience and I admire, and do my best to emulate, the compassion and willingness to serve beyond office hours which most social workers, in all branches, show to their clients. Of the homeless people, a few have just dumped themselves in LCC London and expect to be provided for. The majority, in my experience, have known for at least two or three weeks that they will probably be evicted, and it is therefore reasonable that they should get in touch with the admitting offices—it can be started by telephone—rather than dump themselves straight on Newington Lodge.

A family well known to me, consisting of two parents and six children ages 21-7, had known for a full month that they would be evicted on a certain Monday yet only on that morning did they arrive at the Victoria admitting office, all quite homeless and hopeless, and I was considerably impressed at the politeness and trouble taken, and the sensible emergency arrangements made by the Welfare officials there. As regards Norwood House, I seem to remember the Labour government was anxious that Rest-Centres or Reception Centres should give all the homeless families suitable separate bedrooms and a common dining hall and sitting rooms. It is not in my direct experience, but I have heard, and well believe, that certain families were so well suited by such arrangements (which were extremely costly to the local authority) that they made no attempt to find a home themselves and were quite hurt when outside accommodation was provided and they were obliged to move out.

These homeless families are in a sad enough plight and the community must do its best for them, but their tragedy is often the tragedy of their own feckless natures and limited intelligences.

Kathleen M. Hingeley

49 Aberdare Gardens, NW6

TRANSPORT IN TROUBLE

Sir,—I am surprised that Mr E. G. Semler appears to be unaware that the use of electronics, on a far wider basis than he advocated in your issue of 6 December, has been much in mind with the British Transport Commission. Articles and announcements published during the past year or so have mentioned many applications of electronics (including most of the uses suggested by Mr Semler) that are being investigated or have been introduced already, particularly on British Railways.

With computers, for example, British Railways are the most advanced railway administration in Europe and claim to lead the world in investigating their application to the revision of time-tables. You will appreciate, of course, that it is the Commission's policy to insist that every installation of this kind is thoroughly justified and that there is no question of purchase for prestige. The application of computers to pay rolls may be unspectacular but is of substantial economic benefit.

Mr Semler is quite wrong in suggesting that railway signalling has changed little in 100 years. Modern multiple-aspect colour-light signalling is in use on many miles of our railways and is being rapidly extended under the modernisation programme, and so is automatic train control. British Railways are always prepared to adopt new devices and techniques which can achieve a practicable improvement in the present well-proved system. They are well aware of cab signalling, of the existence of radio and radar, and of other technical advances of recent years. Their possibilities are investigated constantly and with imagination as a means of increasing both safety and traffic density (which is higher in Britain than in any other country in the world).

Far from having failed to move with the times as Mr Semler suggests, British Railways are leading in some spheres and will do so in others as modernisation progresses.

J. H. Brebner

British Transport Commission
222 Marylebone Road, NW1

FILM CENSORSHIP

Sir,—I suggest that Mr Whitebait might have another look at the East German films that he reviewed in your issue of 29 November. My impression is that they are not 'honest' but deliberate propaganda designed to discredit Western Germany, Nato and the West as a whole. I have not seen the film of *Operation Teutonic Sword,* but I have read the publication issued from Eastern Germany summarising the 'evidence' presented in the film. Part at least is not just dishonest but almost certainly deliberate forgery. This applies particularly to the alleged correspondence reproduced in facsimile between the then Captain Speidel and Goering.

Though your reviewer did at least make certain reservations about the allegations of General Speidel's complicity in the plot against Alexander and Barthoud in Marseilles, he apparently accepts that Speidel was an 'ex-Nazi official'. This is untrue. He held senior rank in the German Army (as did most of the leaders of the present East German Army); but his anti-Nazi record is good and even the French, who can hardly be accused of pro-German or pro-Nazi prejudices, have welcomed him in Nato.

Is this highly dubious film really the sort of thing that Mr Whitebait would like to see shown to London County Council children among others, which might well have happened if the censor had not refused it a licence?

A. D. Dodds-Parker

House of Commons, SW1

MONTGOMERY'S REPLY

Sir,—I understand that in his recently published memoirs Field-Marshal Montgomery quotes a letter I wrote to him in 1942 when I was serving in Egypt as a private soldier. (I have not seen the book yet.) I would like it to be known that Monty replied to my letter, in his own hand, and this is what he said:—

> Dear Glaister
>
> Thank you for your letter of Dec. 23rd. I am glad that you wrote to me. A general needs encouragement and inspiration just as much as do his troops. And your letter supplies it. It encourages me to know that you and other soldiers in the 8th Army have confidence in me, and in victory.
>
> And it will be victory! There is no place for the enemy in North Africa, and together we will see that he leaves it.
>
> Good luck to you in 1943
> Yrs. sincerely,
> B. L. Montgomery
> General

Geoffrey Glaister

Dacca
East Pakistan

DETERRENT TO SUICIDES

SIR,—You do wrong to disparage the report concerning the repainting of Clifton Bridge a brighter colour in an attempt to reduce suicides in the Avon Gorge, by including it in 'This England'.

There are numerous examples of ostensibly grotesque or absurd reasons which have triggered off suicide attempts, and remedies for these which might have appeared trivial at the time. As an example I can refer to another bridge: Dean Bridge in Edinburgh. This had a very low parapet, and the suicide incidence on it was high. A psychiatrist suggested that the parapet be built a few inches higher, so that it would no longer be possible to clear it in one jump. This was done, and the suicide rate went down, even though access to the river was still perfectly possible by making the slightly greater and more considered effort of stepping up on to the parapet. In this case the suggestion was obviously rendered much less strong.

Considering that Durkheim's work on suicide, still the standard reference, is now over sixty years old, and that there has been no organised research of any value since, the guesses of those at Clifton are as good as anyone else's.

NICHOLAS TUCKER

14 Kemplay Road, NW3

ARRESTS IN SPAIN

SIR,—In November there has been the most serious batch of arrests and imprisonments without trial of intellectuals in Spain. A protest to the Spanish Embassy is being made by all intellectual groups in Britain. An artist has no professional organisation and as the request fell on our ears, we ask all who wish to sign this protest to send their name and address on a postcard to ULR Artists, 7 Carlisle St, W1. The form of the protest is as follows:

> We, the undersigned, protest against the recent series of arrests and request a civil trial for all the arrested people, the abolition of the special tribunal and an United Nations inspection of the prisons.

PETER PERI
PETER LANYON
MICHAEL AYRTON
DERRICK GREAVES
LIONEL MISKIN
WILL ROBERTS
MAREK ZULAWSKI
HALINA KORN
KEN TURNER

THE COMMUNIST PARTY

SIR,—In connection with my post-graduate research work for the University of London I am writing a history of the Communist Party of Great Britain, covering the period between 1920 and 1929. An accurate account cannot be given without the assistance of those who took part, whether as supporters or opponents, in the campaigns waged by the Communist Party in the factories, localities, trade unions and other organisations. I should be very grateful for any information readers may be able to give me about the Communist Party in this period, whether in the form of personal reminiscence or by loan of documentary material. All communications will be treated with the strictest confidence, and no material will be published without full permission.

L. J. MACFARLANE

16 Meadow Brook Road
Birmingham 31

MARIE STOPES

SIR,—I am writing a book about the character, life and struggles of the late Dr Marie Stopes. Any help from your readers in the form of letters, reminiscences, press cuttings, or any other relevant information would be most gratefully received. Any items lent will be treated most carefully and returned promptly, and may be sent to me either at the address below, or care of my publishers, Barrie Books Ltd, 3-4 Clements Inn, WC2.

ELIZABETH SMART

9 Westbourne Terrace, W2

A MOST URGENT APPEAL

The South African treason trial has taken a turn even crueller than anything that has gone before. For two years the agony of the accused, and of all those dependent on them, dragged on; then the prosecution found that, if the present indictment were persisted in, acquittal would be inevitable. So what did the prosecution do? It withdrew the indictment—and let it be known that a new indictment would be drafted and the whole torment started all over again. Now we know that the trial of 30 of the accused on the old charge of high treason is to begin again on January 19th; the remaining 61 are to wait for their ordeal till an unspecified date some time in April. That such cat-and-mouse misery could be inflicted by a civilised government in the twentieth century seems incredible: but, alas, there is all too much evidence in Southern Africa today of the inhumanity to which those who believe in *apartheid* can be driven.

We have received a most urgent appeal for money from South Africa—for a sum of money far in excess of what we have so far been able to send. This money is wanted for two purposes. First it would be dreadful if, when these unhappy people have to go back into the dock, they should not be adequately defended: secondly, we simply must have large sums in hand for the support of their families and—if that should ever be possible—for their eventual rehabilitation. This is a debt that white humanity owes to black humanity, and to those whites who have helped black humanity; and what should we feel like if we refused to pay that debt?

The reader of this advertisement has almost certainly contributed already. We now want him to contribute again, and more than before—just because the thing has been going on for two years, and is now, incredibly, to start all over again. The prosecution in South Africa is tenaciously persisting in its inhumanity: let us persist as tenaciously in our humanity.

On behalf of all the sponsors, we urge you to send your maximum contribution (cheques payable to Christian Action, please) for the fund established by Christian Action to provide legal aid and defence for victims of unjust racial legislation in South Africa, to support their families and dependants, and to help to keep the conscience of the world alive to the issues at stake, to **The Treasurer, Defence and Aid Fund, 2 Amen Court, London, E.C.4.**

PEGGY ASHCROFT
ANTHONY WEDGWOOD BENN
BOYD ORR
FENNER BROCKWAY
JAMES CALLAGHAN
BARBARA CASTLE
L. JOHN COLLINS
TOM DRIBERG
FARINGDON
GERALD GARDINER
VICTOR GOLLANCZ
JAMES GRIFFITHS
TREVOR HUDDLESTON, C.R.
AUGUSTUS JOHN
BENN LEVY
LUCAN
GEORGE MACLEOD
KINGSLEY MARTIN
PAKENHAM
MORGAN PHILLIPS
J. B. PRIESTLEY
RUSSELL
SIDNEY SILVERMAN
EDITH SITWELL
A. J. P. TAYLOR
TOM WILLIAMS
HAROLD WILSON
BARBARA WOOTTON

BOOKS IN GENERAL

Mr Forster's New Year

'May I never resemble M. de Lesseps,' E. M. Forster wrote when he considered the famous statue by the Suez Canal on one of his journeys to India. 'May no achievement upon an imposing scale be mine.' He has indeed been a haunting absence in the English novel, but on the occasion of his eightieth birthday, we can allow ourselves to dress up our prose in the boater and blazer of 1905 and think of his silence, since *Passage to India*, as 'a rotten business', without a moral – like Harold's dropping of the oars and dying, in *The Point of It* – and of Forster's survival in our literature as a 'cert'. How does one survive if one does not impose? Forster has survived so far by interposing. Where his elders, Shaw, Wells, Kipling, imposed by sheer efficiency and manpower, Forster has interposed and influenced by a misleading slackness, by the refusal to speak in a public voice. This has given the personal a startling strength. He has had, one guesses, more influence on the educated middle-classes than any other English writer in the last thirty or forty years; for it is he who has taught them to disengage themselves from their inherited official, not to say imperial, personality. The Empire Kipling celebrated, Forster destroyed, and by a handful of out-of-date novels – for it was his fate to have a great deal of his material pulled from under his feet by the 1914 war. In saying his say against imperialism, he exhausted in advance what he could have said, as a novelist, against totalitarianism. He was kind enough to write articles.

One can rely on English life to produce these personal voices: a Samuel Butler, a Mary Kingsley, a Forster; in our own generation, a George Orwell. Their voices are direct, natural, distinct and disengaged, malignly flat. The machine stops when they start talking. We are so used to various sorts of 'side' in English life, that we are startled and pleased by the note of authority from nature. Outside of our poetry we find that voice hard to hit on. Forster's gift has been just that: the private voice, carrying without effort, in the public place. The refusal to be great; the attack on the will and the bad heart; the two cheers instead of the usual three for democracy, the third being reserved for 'love the Beloved Republic, which feeds upon Freedom and lives'; the belief in personal relationships – 'the heart signs no document' – and an aristocracy of 'the sensitives, the considerate and the plucky'; the debating-point plea for a 'period of apathy, inertia and uninventiveness' – these are not withdrawals. Some are principled assertions of the supreme value of individual life; some are there to redress a balance. None is a brilliant paradox put down by a consuming brain. The apologist for softness is intellectually hard; the liberal who has been forced out of economic *laisser faire* and who believes that, nevertheless, *laisser faire* is the only doctrine that 'pays' – a favourite ironic word – in the world of the spirit, is not proposing to let us do what we like. No-one is let off in Forster's novels; like Jane Austen, he is a moral realist. Leonard Bast, the prototype of the angry young man, will get a rap on the knuckles for being a crushed soul. Having a chip – a maiden aunt seems to say – is no excuse for hysteria and making messes. Mr Wilcox catches it for being a soul-crusher. No tears, I seem to remember, are shed in Forster's novels. The sins of the heart, the failure to 'connect', don't pay: they end in emptiness and panic. Those are better words than the jargon we have learned to use since the nervous breakdown, if only because they imply the moral imperative which is necessarily lacking in scientific studies of the mind.

There is the voice of the decided moralist in Forster; fortunately for the English novel, it has been transposed into the accents of the brusque and off-hand sanity which is in the central tradition of our comedy. Like Shaw's – though in the private interest, being more concerned with intimate feeling than with justice – Forster's is a comedy of ideas, and the danger there was that it would be expressed in a comedy of types or that he would have chosen people possessed of too great a skill in debate. He escaped this danger by his brilliant use of people who had been thoroughly unfitted to deal with their situations; like so many of Henry James's characters they are null or dull. Looking again at the early short stories which try out the themes to be taken up by *Where Angels Fear to Tread* or *Howards End* one is, at first, shaken by their pedestrian characters. How faded the people are now; they were born faded. Everyone outside Cambridge, one suspects, had to bear that accusation. Pompous, shabby, fussy suburbans they are, a collection of dim widows, daughters genteel or bossy, sons emasculated or emotionally congested. There are the mild, mechanical soldiers and all are liable to the blood-pressure, the wilfulness or the frostbite of a class-consciousness that has passed out of our knowledge. Formidable to deal with, these injured families are in danger of suffering (as Gissing's characters do) from an initial social pathos which is unforgivable in works of art. (Class theories play the part of the famous pathetic fallacy.) But, at second glance, the pathos goes. For these unlikely dullards are suddenly shaken by issues that had never occurred to them as existing; they are tripped up by melodrama, and their dullness makes their situation more arresting. They are made to skip and look lively. Mr Forster's beliefs are gentle, but he has no sentimental indulgence for weakness, and we remember that behind the fineness of his spiritual scrutiny lie the scrupulous traditions of the Clapham Sect; working in him is a spirited agnosticism and he does not see why the moral stakes for these muddled gamblers should not be put very high or why the upper middle classes should not have to risk all. In a way, he treats the English as if they were foreigners – a good idea considering how anti-foreign we have always been. His people swing between two states of mind – the disinterested and the benighted; and they fall into four foreign groups: the Teutonic, heading towards suicide in a sea of general ideas; his Latins – vulgar, avaricious but redeemable because they have not been castrated by good taste, are in the sink-or-swim of the instinctive life, and are liable to racial memories of Mediterranean paganism; the Oriental – passive, touchy and affronted; and the inhabitants of Tonbridge. Where have we seen the Forster situations before? In the novel-poems of the poet Clough, but whereas Clough is torn in half and is half-guilty, half-aggressive about his passivity and his escape into abstract thought, Forster presents the picture of a united personality who knows his mind. He knows what he is committed to.

It is not like the committal of Shaw or Butler – with whom he has, however, some affinity – nor any of the other committals of those who attacked the official late Victorian or Edwardian personality. His comedy is not freakish; it is not accommodating; there is no comfort in his scepticism. He is not scabrous and not at all the satirist, even if he caricatures; he is without the orgiastic sense of the full comic writers who revel in meaninglessness. He is not very sociable. His comedy is positive and spiritual; it has one most alarming trait, assurance. It is lonely. It has courage. He has always got his deadliest effect from a pretence of soppiness, from a casual, slangy disregard of the spirit of composure, or from a piece of parenthetical bathos. That opening argument about the cow in *The Longest Journey* is an example. If he is casually disrespectful, he is also casually abrupt about matters of life and death: the echo in the cave, Gino's outbreak of physical cruelty at the crux of sorrow in his child's death, young Wilcox getting three years for hitting someone with an old sword, Leonard dying perfunctorily because a bookcase falls on him, the baby falling out of the carriage, and those brief, dismissed sudden deaths in boats, playing fields and at the level-crossing. The intellectual must face causality; but he had better remember casualty and the inexplicable. None of these famous incidents will 'do' in a realistic novel; the shock is too great and one might attack them as pointers to a suspicion that Mr Forster has exaggerated the device of not belonging to the world, and even that he grew up so quickly because he refused to join it. But these incidents, of course, succeed in romance where the writer has the licence to load his dice as he wishes. He has, also, a hankering after the pagan acceptance of mercilessness and the absence of tears.

Since his time, anyone in the nature of a personage has vanished from the English and American novel. The official has gone. The conversational, the vernacular voice has come in, but only in the interests of naturalism. It is common now to read novels in which physical life is rendered so clearly that we have the impression of seeing it before our eyes like the pebbles of a clear running stream. That impression can be had from Mr Forster's novels also

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E. M. Forster: *A Passage to India, The Longest Journey, Where Angels Fear to Tread, A Room With a View, Howards End, Aspects of the Novel, G. Lowes Dickinson, Abinger Harvest,* 7s 6d each; *The Hill of Devi,* 15s.; *Two Cheers for Democracy, Marianne Thornton,* 21s. each – all published by *Edward Arnold.*

Collected Stories. Penguin Books. 3s. 6d. Everyman edition of *A Passage to India. Dent.* 7s.

– but with an important difference. It is the moral life that has the pebble-like clarity in *his* writing; he has made it tangible and visible. He has, so to say, speeded up the process of contemplation by making it clear what, in his view, needed to be contemplated. The plain conversational style is truly conversational in the sense that we feel several people are talking and trying to find out; in spite of James's influence, there is no sense of monologue. Forster's talk, like all good talk, has the quality of surprise.

It is easy enough to demonstrate that Forster represents the end of something. He has almost said so himself, though not quite: civilisations are a string of intermissions in the anger of time. He speaks at the end of liberal culture and, since there is no other, there is no implicit accusation. He agrees that this firm attachment owes something to privilege and we all know the dogma that, in its penultimate phase, a culture sees spiritual order in art alone; in its ultimate post-Forsterian phase it crumbles into a sort of Byzantine pedantry.

Forster's contribution to our present collective society is the reminder that it will be an arid and destroying desert if we remove the oasis of private life. But he is a dangerous master. All very well for him to refuse to be great: he had to fight the portentous. Educated and inured by the powerful, he was free to develop apathy and softness as an unexpectedly useful muscle. He had something pretty unscrupulous to disbelieve in. Does he feel, now, that burden peculiar to famous old age, that an age has caught up with him? Does he feel, that in England at any rate, a younger generation is carrying the cult of privacy and personal relationships to the lengths of whimsicality and eccentricity? It often strikes one that far too large a portion of educated energy is going into running England as a kind of private joke, an ingenious personal crossword. We are more gentle with one another, but we spend an inordinate amount of time being gentle; we are bathed to the point of sleep in tolerance and understanding. Forsterian teaching has been taken on without our recognising that it had the virility of a reaction. It is very pleasant to relax, as he taught us, and to believe (for example) in his notion that the bucket drops down into the unconscious and brings up the substance of the work of art. It is true. But isn't it Mr Forster's old enemy, the will, that has turned the handle and let the bucket down? It is a mistake to take this infertile and original writer literally. Thus his 'apathy' really means 'integrity'. One other writer of his generation, Boris Pasternak, has it, and has demonstrated its phenomenal spiritual strength. Like him, Forster hands back the ticket, bored by the verbosity of the strong-willed, knowing that there is a creative force in the secrets of life. He is fresh because he is unable to conceive of a life without free choice; perhaps we would think him more than courageous, and actually great, if his novels had conveyed the other half of the argument: that we have to choose for others and that choice is made by others for us. But this is to ask for an inrush of ungoverned emotion beyond the scope of comedy.

V. S. PRITCHETT

Be Still Man

SHE: Be still man, it is late
And we must sleep:
HE: The earth, dear, does not wait
While we're asleep,
But turning round and round
It tears the sky,
With crop and creature bound
To change and die.

SHE: Be still man, don't go on
Lie near and rest;
Your worries will be gone
Once on my breast:
HE: Oh you don't understand,
We know not why,
As we sleep, as we stand,
We age and die.

SHE: Then dear man, be not still,
Come inside me.
When we make love you will
Set your mind free:
HE: Such love, my dear, we've sought,
And we both know,
Neither does it end thought,
Nor true light show.

SHE: But man, if we should *give*,
Now in the night,
After us may survive
A child, and light:
HE: Ah, if we spend and share
As well in day,
Then light succeeds despair,
A child our stay.

HE: We beat the earth as back
To earth we go.
While hurtling through a track
Of stars, we know
We near the unlit grave
That sees no sun;
But by then, we shall have
Made Man, and won.

GEORGE WIGHTMAN

The Triumph of Style

The Functional Tradition in Early Industrial Buildings. By J. M. RICHARDS. *Architectural Press.* 36s.

The Building of TVA. By JOHN H. KYLE. *Louisiana U.P.* $7.50.

Architecture will always have a submerged tenth or so of buildings that, though good by the standards of the time when they were built, were yet created outside the accepted definitions of architecture. At the peak of what we are no longer allowed to call the Industrial Revolution, that tenth bulged out in England to a very considerable percentage of the total volume built, and has left an heroic legacy of dock and canal buildings, mills, railway structures and so forth, often on a scale that Europe had not seen since the Romans.

The bulk of these buildings were created (at least before Victoria's accession) by men outside architecture, but not all (remembering Rennie, Telford, Stephenson, Brunel) outside the limelight of social approval. The star performers of the functional tradition have always had a good press; what is new in the process of re-appraisal that began about two decades ago, is the extension of approval to the chorus-line as well, to the hundreds of minor buildings by un-named designers that fill the backstage with a vitality and blunt stylishness worthy of *Oklahoma!*

J. M. Richards's book crystallises this admiration, hitherto spread over sundry magazine articles, into an orderly and compact discussion of the works of the key period, roughly 1760 to 1840, accompanied – almost overwhelmed – by a stunning series of photographs, mostly by Eric de Maré, who contrives to do for East Anglian breweries and Stroud Valley mills what Hubert Robert did for the buildings of ancient Rome, *viz.*, endow them with a glamour that is rarely visible to the naked eye, without falsifying the facts of the building (it is amazing what the exclusion of slummy surroundings can do!).

A lot of people will buy this book just to drool over the pictures, and justifiably, but I hope they will also scrutinise the text as well, for it seems to me to raise some important points in critical method and architectural evaluation. Leaving aside reflex hate-responses to any attempt to be nice to the Industrial Revolution (such as have blotted some reviews of Jeremy Warburg's *The Industrial Muse*) I think one may properly ask whether these buildings are, in fact, admired for the reasons that Mr Richards advances, or whether the title should not have been *The* Georgian *Tradition in Early Industrial Buildings.* Functionalism, defined in socially realistic terms, must be taken for granted before there can be architecture at all – it is why buildings are built. Functionalism, in the narrow and often unrealistic terms in which it was commonly handled in the polemics of the period when the revaluation of the industrial chorus line began, was – like Georgian architecture – permeated with classicist stylistic prefer-

E. M. FORSTER

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EDWARD ARNOLD

ences. I am going to stick my neck out and suggest that it is stylistic, not functional, considerations that have made these buildings acceptable to us. The bulk of the buildings in the book (in spite of Mr Richards's observations on the rules for Georgian window-sizes, which I cannot support) are overwhelmingly Georgian in style, and the odd non-Georgian objects, such as windmills (which had been accepted as architecture by an earlier generation) stand out as alien as spaceships.

One can see something similar in John H. Kyle's *The Building of TVA*—an invaluable record of the authority's architecture, spoiled by being written in terms of the stylistic preferences of the Thirties. Kyle praises as *timeless* (a hot word, any day of the week) engineering structures that have been gooked up in an architectural dress as dated as the late, unlamented 'Southern Railway Style' of the same epoch, and dismisses as *old-fashioned* other, 'un-improved' structures that could have been built next year or 1960. Mr Richards is neither as unsubtle, nor as doctrinaire as this, but I still believe that it was stylistic considerations that sold these buildings to him, to John Piper, to you, me, and the common reader.

It is the possession of style, conscious or unconscious, that galvanises functional structure into architecture; it is the recognition of style, whether architect-created or not, that tells us that the building before us is architecture. Recent experience in Europe and America suggests that the guts of a vernacular comes not from its dumb service of function, but from its being plugged in to the powerhouse of a live style. The failure of architects in Italy to create a vernacular by borrowing from dead styles is as much in point as the success of US office block builders in creating a curtain-wall vernacular by standing as close as they can to Mies van der Rohe. One has only to look at the illustrations in this book, with their profusion of Georgian doors and Palladian windows, Georgian quoining, cornices and roof-lines, Georgian pediments, turrets and domes, to see how beneficial to our early industrial architecture was the seminal influence of the school of design that began with Burlington and finished with Nash.

REYNER BANHAM

Young Men with Guitars

Skiffle. By BRIAN BIRD. *Hale.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Tommy Steele. By JOHN KENNEDY. *Souvenir Press.* 15*s.*

In the social history of Britain 1956-7 will be the year in which the young men with guitars appeared. The phenomenon is remarkably interesting, though the two books about it which have just appeared are not up to much. They do, however, divide the field neatly and dialectically between them: Brian Bird deals with the cheerful side of the affair, John Kennedy with the spine-chilling aspect.

Skiffle as a craze and movement is now dead; destroyed by that technique of weed-killing which the agricultural biologists may well have borrowed from the businessmen, as Darwin borrowed his 'struggle for existence' from Malthus: over-stimulation and over-exploitation. Its decline has been watched wtth ill concealed but mistaken pleasure by most professional musicians, equally torn between contempt for the astonishing ineptitude of most skifflers and jealousy of their temporary commercial success. Mr Bird produces a welcome defence of the most widespread and spontaneous movement for amateur music-making within living memory. Skiffle, he rightly argues, is folksong with a jazz beat. The beat, the simplified do-it-yourself musical equipment of the skifflers, and the initially American repertoire for the first time turned folksong from a haunt of greensleevery into a genuine music for and of the masses; at any rate those below the age of consent. As such it has survived the collapse of the commercial skiffle boom, and will doubtless continue to survive, though more modestly than before. What is left of it has increasingly introduced British folksong material into the repertoire, and there are even signs that many youthful skifflers are now beginning actually to learn to play their guitars: admirable developments both.

The rest of the book is weak. Mr Bird's sketch of jazz history—for skiffle is the product of the jazz movement—is superficial and excessively traditionalist. His account of the skiffle movement has immense gaps. He omits not only any reference to the earliest British form of 'blue-blowing', the comb-and-kazoo working-class 'jazz-bands' of the middle 1920s, about which Gwyn Thomas has written, but any reference to the political context of the New Orleans jazz, blues, and folksong movements, both here and in the USA, which is distinctively left wing in its origins. The fact that the pioneers and champions of this music since the Thirties have so often been associated with the Communists is at least as interesting to the historian as the fact that Cecil Sharp, Maud Karpeles and other earlier folk-music experts were among the early members of the Fabian Society. Still, Mr Bird is on the side of the angels (doubly so, for he is a clergyman), and his book can be useful.

Mr Kennedy's book is very different. It is not about art, amateur or professional, or even about a young man who may well turn out to have talent (though not in music) and certainly has stage magnetism, and 'star quality'. It is about buying, selling and advertising. Mr Kennedy discovered a saleable dream: a contour image whose colours could be filled in by a public which wants a reflection of itself, of the idealised son, kid-brother or boy-friend. (That may be why the author, who is frank and detailed about so many things, including his own shareholding in the star, allows Tommy Steele in this book to remain a remarkably colourless lay figure, identifiable chiefly by a quiff, a grin and a Bermondsey accent.) Dreams are not sold on merit or talent, but by advertising campaigns, and Mr Kennedy, who sails the muddy waters of mass circulation and snobbery 'news value' with breathtaking mastery, advertised him by a series of systematically and brilliantly concocted fictions designed to produce 'stories': a fake deb party ('rock 'n' roll spreads to the smart set'), a fake quarrel over him between two Bentleyed girls outside a night-club, famous film-star dances with rock 'n' roll star's Bermondsey mum at night-spot, a fake photograph of the Duke of Kent 'coming away from the Tommy Steele show' and the like. A record session, twenty pounds a week at the 'Stork', £150 a week and top billing on the halls: such was Tommy Steele's career within a matter of weeks. He (and his backers) have not looked back since. It is a story to freeze the blood of all except sociologists. If it is ever turned into fiction, it will make *Expresso Bongo* look like a sentimental fairy-tale.

We must be eternally grateful to Mr Kennedy for exposing it with such calculated frankness, for every publicity man knows that, though more successful than most, it is as common as the dirt on the pavements of 'the street' and 'the alley'. There is only one thing which links it to the simple and idyllic world of the Rev Brian Bird: the nature of the dream so effectively marketed. At a time when the standards of popular culture are American, it is significant that Tommy Steele should be patently and unambiguously British. And at a time when an unusual amount of drivel is talked about the classlessness of our new culture and the absorption of working-class by middle-class standards, it is not without interest that the symbolic type-figure of our day should be a 'nice', and aggressively proletarian boy with a guitar from Bermondsey.

FRANCIS NEWTON

Charles Williams

The Image of the City, and other Essays. By CHARLES WILLIAMS. Selected by ANNE RIDLER. *Oxford.* 25*s.*

In the last years of his life – he died in 1945 – Charles Williams became famous. He had always had distinguished admirers, but people began to talk louder about him towards the end, and there were more of them. His job with the University Press took him from London to Oxford during the war, and he now added a quasi-academic side to his reputation. Williams became a star guest lecturer in the Oxford English School, with Professor C. S. Lewis his hefty champion.

At once opposition hardened, as it usually will against an ascendant reputation. *Scrutiny* denounced the Williams vogue as an Anglo-Catholic racket organised by Brother George Every and sustained by the weak compliance of people (like Mr Eliot) who knew better but wouldn't say so. Plain men had no time for his asymptotes and co-inherences, and dismissed his Arthuro-Christian occultism as esoteric nonsense. Subtle men exposed a vein of sadism in his verse and fiction, and declared it nasty.

The present volume, a collection of essays, reviews and small scraps lying about in periodicals, will help in some way to counteract the tendency (still persisting in his readers) to fly to critical extremes. For there is no room for disagreement over many of the sane and sensitive and wide-ranging pieces printed here: they are simply good criticism, and they reveal a surprisingly solid literary personality. Williams could take a clever lopsided book (De Rougemont's *Passion and Society*), give the writer his prize and correct his bearings for him, and then make a neat parcel of the subject – all in a thousand words. He could give the devil (D. H. Lawrence) some of his due, and he could make a literary occasion out of the humblest hackwork: there is a ten-page biography of Macaulay here which is a marvel of creative potting. His *Time and Tide* pieces are as good in their kind as the fiction reviews George Orwell was doing in the NEW STATESMAN in those same war years.

In other ways this book will provoke further strife. Mrs Anne Ridler maintains in her long and informative Introduction that Williams's greatest achievement was his poetry. This is a view shared by many of his admirers, and it baffles me completely. That his verse is obscure – it is very obscure – matters less than that it sounds horrible; a gritty nightmare, pseudo-Hopkins. Williams believed that Lascelles Abercrombie was a great poet, and a recent apologist (Mr John Heath-Stubbs, in the British Council pamphlet on Williams) has said that he was handicapped by being unable to find nourishment in what was alive in the contemporary tradition. This seems a polite way of saying Williams was a bad poet; a good poet, like Mr Betjeman, will write his own way, if he doesn't like the way other people are writing. He won't write no language.

Even in prose you can never rely on Williams to write well. When he wants to say something quite simple about Milton and his wife, this is how he does it: 'It is precisely such a stress as has been varied by the altered state of the marriage that has been neglected in the arrival of her family'. Horrible, like his verse. In a lot of his best work (on Dante, Milton, Blake, Keats, Wordsworth) there is something stuttering and premature about the language which reduces the total effect to one of suggestive drift. It is easy to miss the strain of genius in him if you never heard his rich cockney discourse from the lecturer's rostrum, or knew the man who impressed all who met him as good and lovable and full of high thoughts.

JOHN JONES

One Man's Canada

Canada Made Me. By NORMAN LEVINE. *Putnam.* 25*s.*

For the past few years, Mr Levine, a Canadian poet and novelist, has been a rapt expatriate in Cornwall. His book tells of a prodigal's return undertaken, it seems, largely to re-justify his exile. An appalling waste-land emerges: Mr Levine's unflagging eye for the squalid supplies the sort of facts that he requires and at the same time misses curiosities that intrigue the newcomer. His panorama of hick towns deep in torpor and slush, bleak cities, cowed refugees and boasting *arrivistes* is accurate. So are his sketches of the national prurience, the seedy schoolroom on the Indian reservation, and the provincial middle-class English ethos transplanted to Vancouver Island, complete with 'Old British Fish and Chips' and ex-RAF Squadron Leaders. There is no dismissing the sleazy beer-parlours and speak-easies, the vacuum of bush camps, the morose materialism of the mining towns, the desolate plains, derricks and lakes, and the simple paralysing scarcity of people. Mr Levine went over on an emigrant ship, but expecting no Eldorado; in consequence he got the worst of both worlds, missing the resilient tolerance of the emigrant as well as the fat elation of the returning resident.

True, a new arrival's impressions are just as partial: all is virility, slickness, pioneering, picture windows, self-help, gaudy and finny cars, the great outdoors, galoshes and dead moose. The women don't drawl; they chirp. People live in homes (house is an unfeeling word); car horns supplant voices; snow and the cult of it embody a purity complex that in many areas turns drinking into a felony and education into theology. Then there is the break in the broadcast Toronto symphony concert when the man from Canada Packers (the sponsor) tells how Canada sets the world's best table, and all applaud the god in their midst. Babbitt *redivivus* laps up the flood of lurid food advertisements in the weekly illustrateds – apt fodder for thoughtless people.

One can see Mr Levine's point. But he might have made others. Newfoundland evokes his Cornwall. Toronto has an enterprising literary quarterly; the CBC its care for foreign literature, young composers and the art of radio drama; the university quarterlies continue. What of the poetry magazines; the epics of E. J. Pratt; Stratford, Ontario; the excellent and regular coffee on TCA flights; the Canada Council; opera in Montreal, jazz in Toronto and Vancouver, and the un-supercilious good taste of the few? There *is* water among this rock, even though some of it runs away. Mr Levine's book is a passionate and brilliantly rendered bigotry. Supplement his one man's (or no-man's) Canada with recent studies like Bruce Hutchison's *Tomorrow's Giant*, the recent symposium edited by Julien Park on *The Culture of Contemporary Canada*, and the annual 'Letters in Canada' issue of the *Toronto Quarterly*, and things don't look so bad. Self-conscious, yes; but they're even looking up, living up to the desiderata of the exile. *Odi* provokes an *amo* now and then, even from him.

PAUL WEST

Christie and Co.

Ordeal by Innocence. By AGATHA CHRISTIE. *Collins.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

An Apple a Day. By HENRY BRINTON. *Hutchinson.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Maigret's First Case. By GEORGES SIMENON. *Hamish Hamilton.* 11*s.* 6*d.*

The Silent Slain. By CHAD PILGRIM. *Abelard-Schuman.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

A Gentleman Called. By DOROTHY SALISBURY DAVIS. *Secker & Warburg.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Inquest on Bouvet. By GEORGES SIMENON. *Hamish Hamilton.* 11*s.* 6*d.*

There is no vintage Christie for Christmas this year. No Poirot, no Miss Marples, only one of her sticky human chess-problems. In *Ordeal by Innocence*, after the young delinquent convicted of killing his mother with a poker has died in gaol, the geophysicist who could have given him an immaculate alibi returns from the Antarctic and determines to right the wrong verdict occasioned by his own long absence. Thereafter the family of the murdered woman sit round anxiously waiting for the geophysicist and Mrs Christie to identify the hand that had really wielded the poker. In this static situation readers may easily suspect Mrs Christie of going round the circle, 'Ena, mena mina, mo', to make her choice: but she is too subtly disposed for such an arbitrary proceeding. There are clues dropped for the discerning; and it requires some courage to pick them up. For, when the awful truth dawns, any reader with a long memory will feel that he has had a psychological quern dropped on his head from a great height. If Mrs Christie is determined to play chess against us, she should stick to the game and not modify the rules to enable a pawn to take the queen *en passant*.

An Apple a Day does not keep the doctor away: he is, indeed, the hero of the book. A hardworking general practitioner, summoned to attend an urgent family conference on a Cornish island in dense fog, finds the purpose of the meeting frustrated because his host has just swallowed a dose of cyanide. The characters are carefully thought out and possess considerable individuality; the writing is smooth, literate and quite unpretentious; and the plot cannot be faulted for plausibility: it is, however, a trifle obvious. The people who write publishers' blurbs for detection never seem to read the contents. 'It will be an unusually astute reader who solves it before the end' on this occasion is flattering rubbish. For readers who weary of being baffled, the great appeal of *An Apple a Day* lies in the ease with which they can spot the villain. Their gratified self-esteem will be bound to enhance their pleasure in Mr Brinton's book.

Maigret's First Case gives Simenon an opportunity to describe the pre-First World War police force in Paris as well as the salad days of his well-worn hero. In 1913 the French police bowed complacently to the plutocracy; and when a cry for help and a shot is heard from a respectable mansion they know better than to go nosing round. Young Maigret, however, has already developed a bloodhound mind and a precocious yearning for justice; and like a tiresome dog with a bone he insists on dragging to light some very unsavoury affairs in high society. The detective proceedings are more perfunctory than usual, and suffer from some lamentably sentimental intrusions.

The setting for *The Silent Slain*, the campus of an American co-ed University, makes a superb stamping-ground for detection, with over 1,000 suspects of both sexes available. When a young girl student who has been behaving strangely of late is found in a freezing pond, jabbed with a ski-stick, our spirits rise – only to sink again when Mr Pilgrim gets going. The basic plot he has ingeniously devised is all too good, for the crime would be insoluble without extraneous assistance from all directions. Hence the long-windedness, the Freudian references, the faint whiff of Eng. Lit. tainting the winter air, the preposterous characters playing at red herrings, and – worst of all – the cuddlesome chief of police. If Mr Pilgrim ever conceives another equally good plot for mercy's sake he should let a more professional writer handle it.

Billed as 'a knock-out thriller', *A Gentleman Called* might be better described as a fantastic crime story after the whimsical manner of our Miss Gladys Mitchell. The plot revolves round the tentative matrimonial excursions of a rosy dumpling of a fellow – a sort of American version of Brides-in-the-Bath Smith – who is threatened with a paternity suit. The book is readable as well as exasperating, because of the piquant contrast between the wild flights of Miss Davis's imagination and the cool sophistication of her style.

Simenon's imagination is fond of feasting on the mysterious possibilities lurking behind the blank facade of the ordinary human face. (You can never read the thoughts of the man next you on the bus unless he volunteers them.) In *Inquest on Bouvet* an elderly recluse drops dead of a heart attack on the *quais* beside the Seine in Paris. His landlady would have buried him as a nonentity, had not a casual American taken a photo of the

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corpse and sold it to a newspaper. Then Monsieur Bouvet's identity is gradually unravelled and his past comes to light. And what a past! One should take a good look at the next recluse one meets on a bus.

RALPH PARTRIDGE

New Verse Plays

Two Plays. By GEORGE BARKER. *Faber.* 13*s.* 6*d.*
Helen in Egypt and other Plays. By JOHN HEATH-STUBBS. *Oxford.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Fashion tells us that the verse-play is dead. Eliot is tolerated, having become (as the posters say) human. Fry has been dropped, as uncritically as he was taken up. But fashion, by definition, is temporary. Its errors, in this case, are glaring. We are not the illustrious dead; we have to make our own plays. And one thing is certain: the occasional new play may excite us, but still, in England, we have no adequate contemporary dramatic form. Drawing-room naturalism still queues for its pension, but otherwise we are living on capital and on imports. We have nothing of our own but our half-worked experiments, and the verse-plays must go in with the musicals, the beat-plays, and the satires, to be judged on merit and not by rote.

The difficulty is largely doctrinal. All drama needs a social basis. That of verse-drama, in this century, has been variously, if always tenuously, a nationalist movement, the Popular Front, the Churches. In the Fifties the basis is doctrinally narrow: the Churches and the Third Programme. So now, we say, verse-drama is not about us; it is about original sin, the Middle Ages, and the memories of a classical education. The form has been confused with its temporary uses, and we make jokes about the young women with harps, and the unlikely young men called Prometheus and Jason, as if on such evidence we can show history, legend, music and poetry to be dramatically useless.

The problem of the verse-dramatist is to find an action, and acting, which belong in the same world as his altered convention of speech. To say these cannot be contemporary is to say poetry cannot be contemporary. Mr Barker's two plays were written for broadcasting, where the problem is easier: there are only the voices, and action is free. *The Seraphina* is the log of a sea voyage: a search for Innocence. *In the Shade of the Old Apple Tree* (you know whose apple-tree; did we ever get out of that Garden?) is an Irish voice-piece on love and the loss of innocence. The plays are dramatic images, and parts of both are serious and convincing. There are some pleasant songs – the poetic insets of drama – and in *Seraphina* there is that sinuous, decorated, atmospheric writing that is the wireless form of dramatic narrative. The disfiguring element, in both plays, is that facile, factitious punning which Fry made fashionable:

> '. . . We still look more like a dead duck than the sweet white francis drake we were. The seaman seeks the storm as the semen seek the ova . . .
> O Rory, Rory!
> Orare, orare!
> . . . Everywhere
> Everyman's dogged and hounded
> By his altared ego.

This could be Fry or Barker, and should be neither.

Mr Heath-Stubbs is more limited, but more ordinarily dramatic. *Helen in Egypt* is a recasting of Euripides's *Helena*. The story is pleasing, the verse is mild, and there is the sort of burlesque Shaw developed from Gilbert: comic rituals, a grouching private soldier, and prophesying in the past about a future we already know. *The Talking Ass* is an effective dramatisation of the Balaam story, with a pantomime animal as in Shaw's *Androcles*, and a morality convention of angel and djinn. Both these plays could be usefully performed. *The Harrowing of Hell* is a miracle play, occasionally effective but fatally weakened by the conventional modern absence of Christ; God is similarly absent in *The Talking Ass*. For this reason, if no other, we shall have to leave the Middle Ages, and, in poetry or otherwise, give our own shapes to the dramatic nature of our experience.

RAYMOND WILLIAMS

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PARTON PRESS, 34 Greek Street, W.1

A Girl's Eye View

A Room in Moscow. By SALLY BELFRAGE. *Deutsch.* 15*s.*

Thousands of young people from all over the world visited Moscow in 1957, for the Youth Festival, and it may seem at first rather surprising that this mass invasion has not produced a spate of books. Mr Gunther and other professionals have written first-hand accounts of the Soviet Union in recent years, but where are the travel-diaries, the excited jottings that one might have expected after the Festival? One reason may be that Russia is perhaps the most difficult country to write about with any coherence. Looking at my own notes after a few weeks there, I realised that any book that grew from them would appear to be confused to the point of schizophrenia. But this confusion is an external thing, inherent in the often unconscious conflict between Russian character and Soviet ideology.

Miss Sally Belfrage, a twenty-one-year-old American, was so overwhelmed by Moscow during the Festival fortnight that she decided to return as soon as possible, to work there for a time, and try to learn more of the country and its people. By somehow finding a loophole in the bureaucratic wall she was enabled to do this, and for the next few months found herself leading the life of a Soviet citizen, learning to cope with the difficulties of life in Moscow, the inefficiencies, the suspicions, the contradictory attitudes, the ambiguity surrounding most questions of what was allowed and what not, and, of course, succumbing, as one must, to the charm of the Muscovites themselves.

Miss Belfrage met artists and writers, intellectuals, distressed at the lack of aesthetic and political freedom, freedom to travel, and shortage of reliable information of what is really happening in the West, artistically and sociologically; she met, too, those for whom the cause was still a shining one, and to whom dissatisfaction appeared irrelevant and unpatriotic. In a sense, however, everything one hears about Russia is true: the pure vision and the soiled reality, the pioneers and the pessimists, present conformity and hopeful future, the truth of the morning and the truth of the evening.

A Room in Moscow is a very readable and entertaining record of confusing and conflicting impressions. It does not attempt any discussion of the political system or the economic structure of the USSR, but is honest in its reportage of day-to-day life in Moscow, as seen by an outsider. There is only one point on which I would disagree with Miss Belfrage: if she really believes that official line about there being no homosexuality in Russia, she has obviously never strolled along Gorki Street on a summer evening.

CHARLES OSBORNE

Round-Up

White Sails Crowding

There are four new books by Cape-Horners, and though none of them has MacMullen's wit to turn the plain prose of the Pilot's Guide into a personal style, each of them has something to add to the unfailing delight of windjamming in books. Alan Villiers (*Give Me a Ship to Sail*, Hodder & Stoughton, 18s.) is the practical romantic of contemporary sailing; he can master the abominable *Pequod* for Huston's *Moby Dick*, or captain the *Mayflower*. I rate him first for his good-natured telling of that story of rich absurdity and respectable seamanship in only half his book. And for the pleasure of sailing with him to the Maldive Isles, a blissful Protectorate never visited by an official. In *Seas of Memory* (Oldbourne, 16s.), Captain Frank H. Shaw remembers his years as a brassbounder, and Cassell's empire at La Belle Sauvage when he was writing 70 long sea-stories and 7,000 tales, most of them for *Chums*. Anyone who enjoys meeting an intelligent old sea-dog who has lived by Kipling's *If* will enjoy this book. In *Sail Ho!* (Angus & Robertson, 21s.) 'Lucky' Sir James Bisset opens his three-decker autobiography with pompous self-delight. Because he remembers even more than the others about the men and ships that made passages in the Howling Fifties (where one yacht went in 1956 for a dare) I couldn't skip a page of him. Mr A. A. Hurst sailed in quarrelsome ships and can't make up his mind whether he is writing history, essays or memoirs in *The Call of High Canvas* (Cassell, 30s). His photographs are far the best, and he is the most sensible about training in sail – good for anyone's character, but with no special relevance to the modern sailor.

The M/L *Commodore* of Roger Pilkington's *Small Boat Through Holland* (Macmillan, 21s.) behaves with horrid whimsy. But Dr Pilkington really loves history, architecture and mechanics too. It is a relief to read about Gospel-Meetings and sturdy Protestant martyrs instead of those 182 upper-crust Elizabethan Papists. He made me want to cruise to Holland almost as much as to the Maldives.

A. W.

Medieval Medley

The contemporary revolt against the 'pathos' (Stravinsky's word) of romantic music has brought with it a new interest in the work of medieval composers. What was once the exclusive preserve of savants has acquired a following among music-lovers of every degree of sophistication. Though too formidable for beginners, Willi Apel's *Gregorian Chant* (Burns Oates, 84s.) is by far the most comprehensive account of its subject in any language. This is musicology on the grand scale, but perhaps the most striking thing about it is the balance that Apel manages to strike between the main outlines of his vast subject and the consideration of details; many points still need to be amplified but the over-all picture is unlikely to be radically changed.

The one avoidable fault in Apel's book is that he writes too exclusively from the musicologist's standpoint. A wider field of reference, taking in church history and liturgiology, might have doubled the book's size (it has 529 pages), but would have trebled its value to the general reader. From this point of view Frank Ll. Harrison's *Music in Medieval Britain* (Routledge, 60s.) is exemplary. Almost all surviving English medieval polyphony is sacred, and in four introductory chapters Dr Harrison summarises all that is known of the musical establishments of the monasteries, cathedrals and other institutions in which this music was sung, and also gives by far the most accessible account of the liturgy of which it formed a part. The chronological survey of the music itself which follows makes infinitely more sense against this background. This will be a standard book for a very long time, and one that may well encourage the same sort of informed interest in our medieval music as already exists for architecture.

Compared with these two tomes Erik Routley's *The English Carol* (Herbert Jenkins, 25s.) seems almost chatty, but if it makes no great pretensions to original scholarship it nevertheless succeeds admirably in placing carols in their social and historical context. The author's observations on changing concepts of religious behaviour are shrewd, provocative, and usually convincing.

J. N.

Week-end Competition

No. 1,505 **Set by Janus**

The usual prizes are offered for a Valediction to 1958, in verse (any metre). Limit 16 lines; entries by 6 January.

Result of No. 1,502 **Set by Allan M. Laing**

Competitors are invited to write an Ivy Compton-Burnett dialogue between an I.C.-B. child of seven and his (or her) rich I.C.-B. uncle (or aunt), on the subject of Christmas presents. Limit: 200 words.

Report

In a competition that might well be entitled 'Setters and Solvers' almost every entry proclaimed its author a loyal and well-read Burnettian. P. Holtby began splendidly:

> 'Now, Horace, I cannot pretend to be satisfied with your school report,' said his aunt, her tone failing to conceal a certain satisfaction concerning this inability.

Other excellent openings were:

> 'But Cuddly Toys are for quite small children,' said Paula, peering at Sebastian as if she had never properly seen him before.
>
> Sebastian looked hopelessly at his sisters.
>
> 'Sebastian *is* quite a small child,' said Meriel. 'Though Aunt Paula does not seem to realise it.'
>
> 'Probably he does not realise it himself,' said Evelyn. 'He has never had any childhood.'
>
> 'I am seven,' said Sebastian, as if the achievement called for a pride he did not feel quite certain of possessing. (Gloria Prince)
>
> 'I should like to wish you a happy Christmas, Aunt Jessie.'
>
> 'That is kind, Lucinda.'
>
> 'Not kind, conventional. We are never too young for that.' (Vera Telfer)

Before making my final choice I hesitated long over these and over dialogues from S. F. W. and Sidney Phillips, and even longer over entries from J. R. Till, H. A. C. Evans, Corbet Stewart, Peter Alexander and A. M. P. The five winners, equal sharers of the prize money, are printed below.

The morning-room fire was burning with a consciously liberal seasonal ardour.

'Merry Christmas, my boy.'

'I hope it may prove so, uncle. Boxing Day will tell. But I shall begin to know when I see the gift you have bought me. I hope it is not frankincense. Or myrrh. . . .'

'Come, you shall guess, and so discover how much I love you.'

'Is it something more blessed to give than to receive?'

'No. But you would not deny charity its reward?'

'Not if it begins at home and is of the right kind. Is the gift appropriate to your wealth and wisdom, or only to poverty and ignorance?'

'To both, my boy. I give what is dear to me to one who is dear.'

'Why not what is dear to one who is dear to you? It would show a more loving concern.'

'Because I will not use money to buy love and so degrade both. You are a greedy boy, but I give you the means of expiating that sin by saving grace.'

'The last wrapping is gone. Now, uncle, for Croesus' sake, give me my new money-box. I hope the gesture is not an empty one.'

W. L. LINDSAY

There was a short silence after Aunt Julie had distributed her presents.

'I suppose we must look upon them as family heirlooms,' Veronica said, handling hers lightly.

'It would appear so, since that is what they are,' her aunt replied in a voice not unlike that of her niece.

'Does the word imply value as well as age?' Veronica asked, audibly enough.

'I will not speak of material value. That would hardly be my rôle. But objects may acquire other values, by their presence in time and place.'

'Then it might be said that they should not be removed from either.'

'If you mean that it is a wrench to part from them, I agree. But we are sometimes faced with a conflict of sentiments.'

'You mean your affection for us triumphed over the sentimental value you attach to the objects? That is most admirable. One can see that no thought of material value arose. And one is not surprised.'

'It seems that my little gift has carried with it a useful moral lesson. I am glad.'

'It is the fate of children to learn lessons from their elders,' Veronica said, hiding the present she had bought her aunt. 'Don't go yet, Aunt Julie. I think there is an old doll of mine in the attic.'

ERIC WARMAN

'It is not the choosing I mind so much as the giving, Aunt Constance,' said Miriam.

'If you give them what they want they should be grateful.'

'And what they ought to want?'

'I see you understand what you should attribute to your father and mother.'

'I know what I should not. I am not afraid of choosing wrongly.'

'And I do not expect to choose rightly,' said Aunt Constance, in a tone claiming no particular sympathy. 'I cannot be more than generous.'

'You can, Aunt Constance. It is open to you to make a memorable choice.'

'It is open to me to mark the festive occasion – to greet them as themselves,' said her aunt, smiling. 'That is what I mean. And they would forget it afterwards.'

'Would it be the kind of thing one forgets?'

'I think it would have to be,' said Miriam. 'Perhaps my brother and I might give our presents first.'

'First and last,' said Aunt Constance. 'How could it be otherwise? Your poor gifts! What is most gratefully given is most gratefully received.'

'So that is why it will feel as if we were not giving,' said Miriam. 'I had wondered how it was.'

SHEILA KNOWLES

'I wonder if you can guess why I have come up, Veronica?'

'To ask me what I want for Christmas,' said the person thus addressed.

'You children seem to take it for granted that you will be given presents,' said her uncle.

'It is hardly our fault; we are given presents every year, and grow to expect them. I think that I would like a bicycle. I heard Father say that you are very rich; so it would not be too dear.'

'It is not the cost of the present that matters, but the thought behind it. Besides, you are far too young.'

'It seems to me that it *is* the cost that matters; the thought remains the same, and it is the cost that varies. There is a girl in the village with a bicycle, and she is only seven.'

'Would you not like a nice desk to use when the governess comes?'

Receiving no reply, Eustace turned to the door, adding as he left, 'I am sure your parents would like you to have a useful present.'

'A useful present does not count,' said Veronica to no one in particular, 'it is always something one would have had anyway.'

J. W. L. MEED

'Christmas will soon be here, Uncle Septimus, and our thoughts turn naturally to presents.'

'Yours to receiving, Oswald, and mine to giving.'

'We think and act according to our means, or lack of them.'

'I fear I cannot plead the latter.'

'My own fear is lest I should always be doing so.'

'That particular fear should not trouble a boy of your age.'

'Am I then to have no care for the morrow?'

'That will probably come later, my boy. Does it not please you to think of the presents you will shortly be getting?'

'I am wondering whether they will add to my means.'

'They will, if wisely chosen, add to your stock of pleasure. Is not that more agreeable?'

'Our elders sometimes go astray in judging what would please us. If the gift were of cash the choice would be our own. We should enjoy exercising it and you would be spared the trouble. And there would be no doubt of the addition to our means, for a time at least. If I am to handle paper money when I grow up, it should prove useful to get in the way of doing so now.'

LESLIE JOHNSON

DON'T BECOME A VEGETABLE

Many people, on leaving school, cease to use their pens except for business and occasional letters to friends. They then begin the slow process of vegetating, becoming cabbages at the ripe old age of 35 or so. Others postpone the metamorphosis for twenty years or even longer.

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City Lights

Intermission

You'll be reading this, I suppose, on Boxing Day or thereabouts. You'll be stuffed with white meat and red wine, sleepy and tolerant, smugly breathing goodwill over all men. You won't want, I expect, to read about the iniquitous level of television profits or the scandalous behaviour of the British Aluminium Board. Descriptions of riotous parties in Throgmorton Street will provoke only an appreciatively reminiscent yawn, references to tax-dodgers – if your Christmas mail is anything like mine – will arouse only a do-it-yourself sort of interest. So, since it is Christmas and I have snapped at the hand that feeds me for the last 51 weeks I will now give it a brief lick.

You hear people in the City saying every now and again – most of the time, in fact – that their left-wing critics are actuated by envy and ignorance. The former, shoving down the familiar faces that immediately spring to mind, I usually do my best to deny; the latter, unfortunately, is undeniable. There is, as I think you will agree, a considerable difference between the average reader of the *NS* and the average man who is something or other in the City. Both, averagely speaking, dislike one another on sight; both, average or not, have the most exotic ideas about the way the other thinks and the way he lives. Gin at the golf club or Nescafé *chez* the theosophists? When two people know as little about one another as that, averages become extremes, working images become dangerous caricatures.

Most of the people who work in the City, as far as I can tell, are much the same as the people who work anywhere else. There is, of course, an old-fashioned flavour of pubs and passages about the place, a composite smell of Jorrocks and Scrooge, an unusually high proportion of sadly conscientious young men learning about accountancy practice at night school. The buildings are more cramped and more depressing than they are in the West End; because of this, because of the prevalence of arithmetic and the dearth of department stores and espressos, the girls are not nearly so pretty. But very much the same sort of thing could be said about the local haunts of journalism or the law, both of which seem equally strange to the outsider: it's always rather odd to find a man, in a place which you regard as strange and glamorous and slightly guide-bookish, behaving quite unconsciously according to the book because that's the way he's always behaved. When the feeling of outsiderishness which inherited habits and crafts always tend to produce in the tripper is reinforced by the fact that the craftsman wears a top hat and an OE tie, is obviously wealthy and lives either in Upper Kensington or Hither Sussex, people are put off. We prefer tradition as a poor relation.

This feeling that the City is a place in which the sources of nepotic power are concentrated is one important strand in the skein of left-wing feeling, and I won't deny that it has a good deal of justification. It is also true, however, that there are concentrations of nepotic power in other places and that an increasingly small number of City firms are able to carry completely dead wood. Young Forsyte, if he's to be something better than a glorified office-boy, must not only have a minimum of intelligence but must be prepared to work quite hard for the first few years: somebody, after all, has to answer the telephone competently while the old man is negotiating over the brandy.

A more important strand, perhaps, is the generalised left-wing feeling derived from the inter-war slump that bankers are a bad thing – that the financial integrity preached by men in striped trousers means mass unemployment and that Grandma's doxology includes Schacht quite as naturally as Norman, that money is a dirty fog over the economic system, that bankers are powerful and inhuman robots, and that the sinister machinations of international finance are concentrated in the City of London. Hear, hear, of course. Down with manipulators and money-grubbers. And politicians, for that matter. I don't feel that politicians have the same right as you and me and the average beer-drinker to be snooty about things like sex, money, power and human nature: they make their living out of them. When it comes to power, in any case, the City is a bit past it to make an Aunt Sally of. There's much more room at the top for the bright lad from the local grammar school than for the banker with financial scruples that nobody understands.

There's another strand, of course, the Bottomley strand, the speculating, tax-dodging, thimble-rigging strand, the most muddled and confused strand of the lot. There's a dash of misplaced moral fervour in it – is it virtue or incompetence to pay more tax than you should? – and a trace of hypocrisy: quick capital gains are a useful stick to beat your opponent with if your honest provincial accent can brush aside the pools and associate the greed for them with one party rather than another. In fact, though there are certainly crooks in the City nowadays, they usually work on a small, dull, rather sordid scale. There always seem to be an astonishingly large number of people ready to entrust their lifetime savings to anyone who promises them the moon or 10 per cent, but most of the obvious loopholes which remain could be closed by routine changes in the law.

When it comes to gambling and suchlike wickedness, you'll find just as much moral fervour inside the City as outside it. I get the feeling every now and again that the City might be used as a convenient label for certain aspects of human nature which it is done to regard as undesirable – as if the right were to be known as the Ocular and Aural and the left as the Genito-Urinary Party. Still, assume that there is a concentration of wide boys in the City: what shall we give them to celebrate Christmas on? I suggest

(a) a capital gains tax, which will bring in no revenue and disrupt the working of the capital market, which the honest stooges will pay and out of which the wide boys and their professional advisers will make a killing;

(b) a re-introduction of as many physical controls as possible, since it is in these conditions that the wide boys thrive and breed most readily;

(c) a commitment to an unemployment level of 1/16 per cent, which will stimulate spivs and service industries of all kinds; most of these will be in the West End, but some benefit will be felt by writers of tipping circulars, floaters of small and dubious companies, peddlers of peculiar advertisements and dealers in phoney shares;

(d) restraint on dividends and scrip issues, which will hit the small investor, the pension fund and the insurance company, but will have no important effect on the surtaxpayer or the speculator and will eventually produce a fat profit for a takeover bidder;

(e) finally, perhaps, a national pensions fund, committed to invest in equities, which is bound to make millionaires within a very short time of everyone smart and rich enough to follow it.

Could you manage anything along those lines, Mr. Wilson? Then a prosperous New Year to you from—

TAURUS

The Chess Board

No. 476. The Greatest of Them All

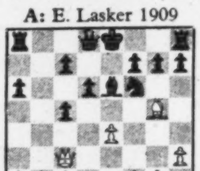
I may be biased by memories of revering him as a wise and fatherly friend; yet (with great respect to our reigning champion, his predecessors, and the claimants to his throne) I still think that Emanuel Lasker was the greatest chess master of all times. He knew little and cared less about opening variations, but his prowess at end games was unrivalled, and as a tactician in middle-game complications (usually of his own making) he reigned supreme by sheer force of personality. No one but he could have achieved a triumphant come-back in his mid-sixties after ten years of almost complete abstention from chess. He was intensely devoted to his numerous other interests, and in my own memories of fascinating conversations with him, chess plays a very insignificant part. He would have been 90 on the very day this article goes to press, a welcome opportunity for remembering him and for giving due praise to the 2nd vol. of J. Gilchrist's *Emanuel Lasker, Chess Champion* (publ. by *K. Whyld*, Nottingham, 12*s*. 6*d*.). We should appreciate the permanent service rendered to chess literature by the untiring labour of love required by the production of a neatly (and accurately) stencilled edition of all the games. I understand that in due time we shall have a 3rd vol. containing all the available "skittles", simultaneous and other "minor" games. The present vol. contains 218 tournament and match games played before and after Lasker's 27 years' tenure of the title. No. 1, of course, is the famous game against Bauer at Amsterdam, 1889, Lasker's first international tournament, but since that game with its celebrated double B-sacrifice is in practically all the anthologies, I'd rather pick one less well known, young Lasker's win against Loman in the same tournament.

(1) P-K4, P-K4; (2) Kt-KB3, Kt-QB3; (3) B-Kt5, P-QR3; (4) B-R4, Kt-B3; (5) O-O, P-Q3; (6) Kt-B3, P-QKt4; (7) B-Kt3, B-Kt5; (8) P-KR3, B-R4; (9) P-Q3, Kt-Q5; (10) K-R2, P-Kt4; (11) P-Kt4, KtxP ch!; (12) PxKt, BxP; (13) BxP ch, KxB; (14) KtxKtP ch, QxKt; (15) BxQ, BxQ; (16) P-B4, B-Kt5; (17) PxP ch, K-Kt3; (18) B-B6, B-Kt2; (19) R-B4, P-KR4; (20) R(1)-KB1, QR-KB1; (21) Kt-Q5, PxP and wins.

Now a time-lapse of almost exactly 47 years, and we come across C. H. O'D. Alexander who happens to like telling stories against himself as much as I dislike printing one of his losses. I would have scant opportunities anyway, but here's the exception of reminding him how, at Nottingham, 1936, he had the unique honour of being the very last victim of a very great master. It was the last of hundreds of tournament games played and won by Emanuel Lasker (and, significantly, he paid his opponent the compliment of choosing the English opening).

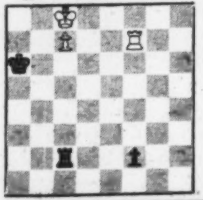
(1) P-QB4, P-K4; (2) Kt-QB3, Kt-QB3; (3) P-KKt3, P-KKt3; (4) B-Kt2, B-Kt2; (5) P-Q3, KKt-K2; (6) B-Q2, 0-0; (7) Kt-B3, Kt-Q5; (8) 0-0, P-QB3; (9) R-B1, P-Q3; (10) P-QKt4, KtxKt; (11) BxKt, B-R6; (12) R-K1, Q-Q2; (13) P-Kt5, P-QB4; (14) Kt-K4, Q-B2; (15) R-Kt1, B-Q2; (16) Q-B1, P-Kt3; (17) B-Kt5, Kt-B4; (18) Kt-B6 ch; BxKt; (19) BxB, QR-Kt1; (20) B-Kt4, Kt-Kt2; (21) Q-R6, Kt-K1; (22) B-K7, Kt-Kt2; (23) B-B6, Kt-K1; (24) B-K7, Kt-Kt2; (25) BxR, RxB; (26) B-B3, Kt-B4; (27) Q-Q2, Kt-Q5; (28) B-Kt2, B-B1; (29) P-K3, Kt-K3; (30) P-B4, B-Kt2; (31) P-QR4, P-B4; (32) BxB, QxB; (33) Q-KKt2, Q-K2; (34) Q-Q5, resigns.

A: E. Lasker 1909

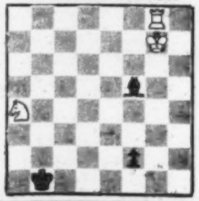


The 4-pointer for beginners is a game position in which the champion (Black against his brother Berthold) played . . .KtxP! White went R-chasing by QxKtP. How was he punished? 6 ladder-points for **B**, a win for White and a "classic" even at its author's life-time. 7 points for **C**, a draw and one of Lasker's favourites. Usual prizes. Entries by 5 Jan.

B: E. Lasker 1890



C: Leonid Kubbel

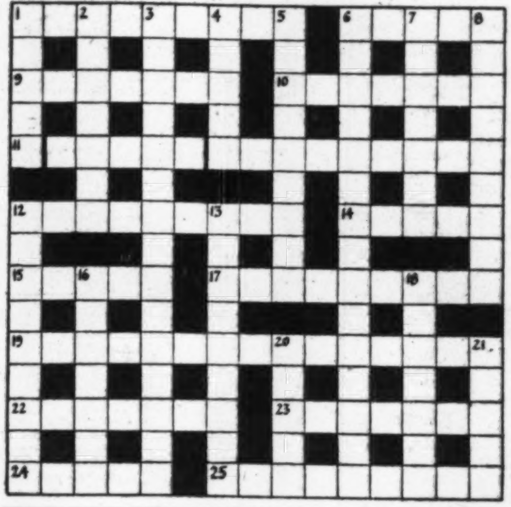


Report of No. 473 held over

ASSIAC

Week-end Crossword 335

Prizes: Three book tokens of 15s. for the first correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword 335, New Statesman, Great Turnstile, London, WC1, by first post on 6 Jan.



ACROSS

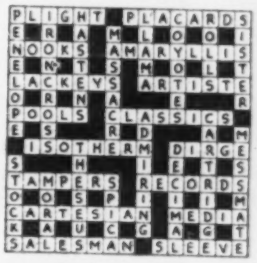
1. Hypocritical in religion but could be in charge of a parish (9).
6. Involving the third power (5).
9. Played south with too much backing (7).
10. Cock or duck in a list (7).
11. Converted masters carry him a greeting (1, 5, 9).
12. Talked about a line in civil defence (9).
14. Style of writing included among the fine skills (5).
15. Scope for a morning piece (5).
17. With a final change this lubricator could be adapted for garage use (9).
19. Sympathiser for a don on holiday (15).
22. Garment which may give one the egg line (7).
23. Uses a stratagem in a German city (7).
24. Suit for the suitor's affected part (5).
25. Recaptures seats? (9).

DOWN

1. Without father the title would be reduced to dust(5).
2. Go up in a fur, being the greatest distance from the earth (7).
3. I strive intent on turning into a busybody (15).
4. Means of detection which carries weight with rising detectives (5).
5. Case which is charged (9).
6. The cleaner who is angry with a mourner about to chant (15).
7. Punctual tiny one among insects (7).
8. 'Fled with a ——! O my —— ducats!' (*M. of V.*) (9).
12. The bird goes for something to eat on the island (9).
13. Greets his wandering tripper (9).
16. Ancient city which keeps a record in Latin goods (7).
18. The means of punishment to permit in the grammar school (7).
20. Place of contest in which to beware national partisanship (5).
21. 'The raptures and —— of vice' (Swinburne) (5).

SET-SQUARE

Solution to No. 333



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BBC has following vacancies in Newcastle-upon-Tyne. (a) Senior News Assistant (Television) to superintend and co-ordinate work of the Newcastle News Room. Special responsibility: preparation and editorial production of Television News programmes originating in Newcastle. Salary £1,380 (possibly higher if qualifications exceptional) rising by seven annual increments to £1,930 p.a. max. (b) News Assistant (Sound) to share in work of the Newcastle News Room. Special responsibility: preparation and production of Sound News programmes, originating there. Salary £1,105 (possibly higher if qualifications exceptional) rising by seven annual increments to £1,550 p.a. max. (c) News Assistant (Television) to share in work of the Newcastle News Room by assisting Senior News Assistant in preparation of Television News programmes. Special responsibility: organisation of film coverage, interviews, studio appearances, and other visual elements. Salary £970 (possibly higher if qualifications exceptional) rising by seven annual increments to £1,340 p.a. max. Holders of all three posts should have professional journalistic experience in Press or radio; keen news sense; sound editorial judgment; and lively interest in imaginative development of broadcast news techniques. For the senior post, preferably experience of control and deployment of News staff. Holders of all three posts, though concentrating on Television or Sound as indicated, will assist in work for both media as necessary and be available for weekend duty on rota basis. In all cases, knowledge of North-East England an advantage. Requests for application forms stating whether for (a), (b) or (c), enclosing addressed envelope and quoting reference G.928, N.Stm. should reach Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W1, within five days.

LONDON County Council. Education Officer's Department. Experienced social workers, designated assistant organisers of children's care work, required to recruit, train, and advise voluntary workers forming care committees attached to London schools. Opportunities for wide and varied work dealing with school children in their family relationships. Social science qualifications and/or experience of family case work desirable. Salary £592 10s. × £37 10s. – £742 10s. × £35 – £777 10s. × £15 – £792 10s. Commencing rate according to qualifications and experience. The posts are temporary in the first instance but normally lead to permanent appointment later. Application forms with full details, obtainable from Education Officer (EO/Estab. 2/C), The County Hall, London, SE1. returnable by 1.1.1959 (2454).

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

BBC requires Brazilian or Spanish-American Programme Organiser in its Latin-American Service. Duties include supervision of either Brazilian or Spanish-American Section, co-ordination of duties of staff and planning of programmes for transmission. Candidates should have general knowledge of and interest in international affairs. Journalistic experience and recent knowledge of Brazil or Spanish-America advantageous, and working knowledge of Portuguese or Spanish essential. Selected candidate may be required to take a language test. Salary £1,380 (possibly higher if qualifications exceptional) rising by seven annual increments to £1,930 p.a. max. Requests for application forms (enclosing addressed envelope and quoting reference G.927, N.Stm.) should reach Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W1, within five days.

BBC requires Assistant to West Region Publicity Officer, in Bristol. Duties comprise general assistance in organising and carrying out full range of BBC publicity in the Region, including the collection and presentation of Sound and Television publicity material. Knowledge of the Region desirable. Salary £825 (possibly higher if qualifications exceptional) rising by seven annual increments to £1,160 p.a. max. Requests for application forms (enclosing addressed envelope and quoting reference G.930, N.Stm.) should reach Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W1, within five days.

WORKERS' Educational Association, East Midland District. Applications are invited for the post of organiser for the industrial and mining area of Nottinghamshire. University degree not essential. Salary scale £600 × £25 × £800. Starting salary may be higher than minimum according to experience and qualifications. Particulars from: J. T. Rhodes, District Secretary, 16 Shakespeare Street, Nottingham.

LONDON County Council. Philosophy. Part-time Lecturer required for Thursday evenings (7-9). Applicants should have good degree in Philosophy. Fee 46s. 6d. an evening. Apply for Form 40 to Principal, City Literary Institute, Stukeley Street, Drury Lane, WC2. (2493.)

LONDON County Council – Children's Department. Applications are invited for appointment as Chief Inspector to co-ordinate and direct the work of four Inspectors of Child Care. (Inspectors advise on measures to promote good child care casework in the field and high standards of care in residential establishments, assist in staff training schemes, and advise as necessary on individual children's problems). In addition, the Chief Inspector will be expected to advise the Children's Officer on the basis of an intimate knowledge of all professional aspects of child care work, especially family casework, the care of children in foster homes and residential establishments, and staff relations and training. Candidates should have high professional qualifications, as well as wide experience in child care, particularly in a senior position within a large, relevant organisation. Salary £1,422 – £1,705. Application forms from Children's Officer (CH/E.1.), The County Hall, London, SE1, returnable by 31 December, 1958. (2195.)

PSYCHIATRIC Social Worker required for Department of Child Psychiatry. Vacant now. Psycho-analytic experience or training considered an advantage but not essential. Opportunities for treatment and research. Applications to Medical Director, West Middlesex Hospital, Isleworth, Middx.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

THE United Nations Association invites applications for Meetings' Secretary to the Council for Education in World Citizenship. The work includes obtaining suitable speakers on international affairs for meetings in schools, and the organisation of conferences for school children. Candidates should have a knowledge of international affairs and be able to type own correspondence. Public speaking experience and knowledge of committee procedure would be an advantage. Salary: £400 per annum rising by annual increments of £25 to £500. Application form, to be returned not later than 10 January 1959, from the Secretary, CEWC, 25 Charles Street, London, W1. Please enclose a stamped addressed envelope.

SOUTHAMPTON County Borough Child Guidance Clinic. There are 2 vacancies for Psychiatric Social Workers in this clinic, the second one having occurred through the resignation of Miss Opie for domestic reasons. There is an establishment for 3 Psychiatric Social Workers and the present one is Miss I. G. Beatty. Dr Mary Capes is the Director, Dr Lotte Rosenberg works for maximum part-time and there is a full-time lay therapist, and 2 educational psychologists. Southampton University has recently started a Course in advanced casework, and the Clinic is recognised as a field work placement. Miss Opie and Miss Beatty would be pleased to answer questions. Applications should be made to the Medical Officer of Health, Civic Centre, Southampton.

APPLICATIONS are invited for a vacancy as Psychiatric Social Worker in the Psychiatric Out-Patient Department at the Western Infirmary, Glasgow. Salary and conditions of service in accordance with the Whitley Council agreements. Applications, stating age, qualifications and experience, together with the names of two referees, should be sent to the Physician Superintendent, Glasgow Royal Mental Hospital, 1055 Gt. Western Road, Glasgow, W2, not later than 31 December, 1958

OCCUPATIONAL Therapist required adolescent spastic centre. Whitley Council scale and conditions plus London weighting. Apply Warden, Coombe Farm, Residential Centre, Oaks Road, Croydon.

ST. JOSEPH'S R.C. Senior Girls Approved School, Ashwicke Hall, Marshfield, Wilts.: required: Trained Social Worker, interested in the re-habilitation of delinquent girls for post of Housemistress to be responsible for the supervision and social training of small groups of girls between the ages of 15-18 years. Salary £498-£670 (with possible extension to £785), less £120 for board residence. Application to Mother Superior.

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MATRON/Housemistress, exp., interested child-development, wanted Jan. 1959 for small boarding dept. Boys/girls 10/16. Good salary and holidays. Hampstead area. Box 5005.

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ENTERTAINMENTS

ACADEMY Cinema (GER. 2981). Morning Shows daily 11 a.m. (ex. Suns). A Prog. of Films on 'British Graphic Art' (U).

EVERYMAN. HAM. 1525. Holiday programmes: Until 28 Dec.: Sucksdorff's 'The Great Adventure' (U) 'Crin Blanc' (U) 'Danses de Chine' (U). From 29 Dec.: Tati in 'Monsieur Hulot's Holiday' (U) 'Between the Tides' (U) UPA's bewitching 'Madeline' (U).

ROXY. BAY. 2345, Wk c. 28 Dec. Andy Griffith, 'A Face in the Crowd' (A). Leslie Nielsen, 'Hot Summer Night' (A).

ICA, 17 Dover St, W1. New Year's Eve Dance. Dancing to Don Simmons' Group. Members 12s. 6d. Double tickets for mems. £1 1s., Guests 15s. Wed., 31 Dec., 9-2 a.m.

EXHIBITIONS

ULR – Graphic Art by painters and sculptors. Partisan, 7 Carlisle St, W1, every day 10-midnight until 28 December.

WELLCOME Historical Medical Museum, The Wellcome Building, Euston Road, NW1. The Microscope and Zoology in the Nineteenth Century; Electricity in the Service of Medicine; and other exhibitions Mon.-Friday, 10-5. Adm. free.

GALLERY One (GER. 3529). Ceramics by Campavias. Paintings by Maurer.

POLLOCK'S Toy Museum and Toy Theatres. Admission free. Open 10 a.m. to 5 p.m. 44 Monmouth Street, Cambridge Circus, WC2.

HANOVER Gallery, 32a St George Street, W1. Paolozzi – Sculpture. Until 31 December. 10-5.30. Sats 10-1.

REDFERN Gallery, 20 Cork Street, W1. Exhibition of 'Mille Gravures en Couleurs'. Hours 10-6 inc. Sats. Until 10 Jan.

ST George's Gallery: The Sailing Boat Suite: 6 new relief & lino prints by Michael Rothenstein. Also gouache drawings, until 3 Jan. 7 Cork St, W1. REGent 3660.

WOODSTOCK Gallery, 16, Woodstock Street, W1. MAYfair 4419. 29 Dec.-17 Jan. Sculpture. 10-6, Sats 10-1.

ZWEMMER'S, Litchfield St, WC2. Bauchant, Buffet, Epstein, Matisse, Picasso, Raza, Sutherland, Underwood, Vlaminck.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

Universities and Left Review Club
NEW YEAR'S PARTY. Jazz, Dance, Entertainment, Bar. The Marquee (next Academy Cinema), Oxford St, W1, Mon. 29 Dec., 7.30. 3s. 6d. Mems. 2s. 6d.

THE Linguists' Club, Niddry Lodge, Holland Street, W8. 3 January at 6 p.m. Swedish Film: Sommarnattens Leende.

THE West London Ethical Society, 13 Prince of Wales Terrace, Kensington High St, W8, Sun., 28 December, 6.30, Music & Readings. 7 p.m., H. J. Blackham: 'Doctor Zhivago'.

UNITED Lodge of Theosophists, Robert Crosbie House, 62 Queen's Gardens, Paddington, W2. Public lecture. Sun., 28 Dec., 8 p.m. 'The Importance of Cyclic Law'.

PACIFIST Universalist Service Group & Universal Centre. Christmas Service 3.30 Sun. 28 Dec. 32 Tavistock Sq., Euston, WC1.

BUDDHIST Society, 58 Eccleston Square, SW1. Public Lectures start again Wed. 7 Jan. 6.30, with F. Hungerleider (Vienna). Beginners' Class Tue., 13 Jan. Note Summer School dates: 28 Aug.-4 Sep. at Hoddesdon. Information TAT. 1313.

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PERSONAL

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Incorporating *The Nation* and *The Athenaeum*. Registered at the GPO as a newspaper. Entered as second-class matter at the New York Post Office, NY, 1928. Printed in Great Britain for the Proprietors by Cornwall Press Ltd., Paris Garden, Stamford Street, London, SE1. Published weekly at Great Turnstile, London, WC1. Postage on this issue: inland 2½d, foreign 2½d. Canada 1d.